

SLOGAN 78







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SLOGAN 78





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This has been a difficult year for all of us. None of us expected to return to a school without light, heat or windows in a fall abnormally rainy and cold. For months, the Slogan staff had no office, the grade 12 and 13 students no common room in which to recreate themselves, the swimming classes no pool, the soccer classes no field, the teachers no offices or working space, the drama club no stage and the principal no peace. To the students, staff and parents who put up with these difficulties with so little complaint and so much good nature, my very sincere thanks. This year has been especially hard on our graduates for they have lived through all the construction but have had precious little opportunity to savour the results. The rest of us will have time to enjoy our new gym, classrooms, carpeted bright halls and, for the first time in years, a comfortably heated building.

But enjoyment is not sufficient. I hope that we will continue to appreciate what so many people are doing for our school — the board and staff who have spent several years in planning our restoration, the architect and builder who have taken extraordinary care in creating a pleasant and practical environment for us and those many friends of the school who are so generously sharing the expense. It is now our responsibility to see that their faith in us is well founded, that we continue to strive for excellence in all facets of school life.



*Allison Roach*



office staff



english



mathematics



## languages

## sciences



## phys. ed. and swimming



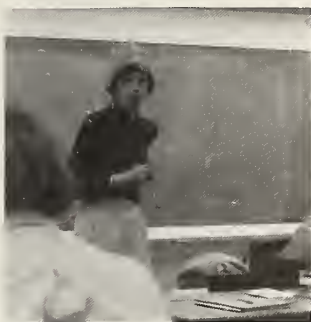
## family studies and typing



# history and geography



## guidance



# music, art and drama

# the editors

Co Editors-In-Chief

Literary Editor

Photography Editor

Sports Editor

Advertising Editor

Junior School Editor

Staff Advisors

Nancy Hutchins

Sue Wurtzburg

Barb Morris

Lynn McGuire

Hayley Parker

Debbie Hemstead

Pippa Harris

Miss Kenny

Mrs. Gray





## editorial?

As the final deadline rapidly approached, we were overcome with a feeling of horror. Lodged in the back of our minds was the knowledge that sooner or later the inevitable would occur — an editorial would have to be written.

Finally, we could stall no longer. With anything but profound thoughts in our minds, we sat at a desk, placed paper and pens in front of us and swore we would have the editorial written before we left the school.

The garbage pail filled to overflowing, the skies grew dark and the editorial remained unwritten. As dinner time came and went, we decided that organization was the key if we were ever going to get anything done. We needed a set of basic rules to follow. All our energy was devoted to compiling some rules needed to compose the perfect editorial. Upon completing a list of rules, we decided that they might be as entertaining as an editorial; thus, we present a few rules to remember when writing an editorial:

1. Begin with a definition of "editorial" from the dictionary. This will ensure that the readers know exactly what it is they are reading.

2. Leap into the editorial with a catchy phrase, such as: "Rumor has it that . . ." or "A great discovery has been made!" These are both useful eye-catchers. Try to avoid using: "This has been a great year. We had 175 days of sunshine and only 150 days of rain." The smart reader will notice that 40 days are unaccounted for. This gives a poor (if perhaps truthful) impression of the editors.

3. State as clearly as possible what the theme of the yearbook is. If there is no theme, invent one to prevent any embarrassment on the part of the editors.

4. Declare this year to have been the most spirited in the school's history. For example: "This year has been the most spirited in the school's history." Don't be discouraged by the fact that this has been said for the past twenty years.

5. Briefly outline your own personal history at the school. It should be as complimentary as possible and be sure to omit any details of any unsavory past.

6. Acknowledgements are a necessary part of the yearbook editorial. We offer: "Thanks to everyone." This will ensure that no one has been left out.

7. At this point your editorial is nearing completion. But a final profound thought is needed to tie in all loose ends. We suggest: "Quod incepimus conficiemus." \*

Latin quotes mean a great deal to most students. Thus, this would be an appropriate conclusion.

Editorially yours,

Sue and Nancy

Post Script: Despite our attempts to avoid seriousness, a special word of thanks must go to Miss Kenny and Mrs. Gray.

\*"What we have begun we shall finish."



## thinking back . . .



Graduation meant turning the page, so to speak, or of coming to the bend in the road only to find another bend. I guess what I'm trying to say is that it signified a new beginning.

The actual day was a jumble of thoughts and feelings. None of us could believe we were really saying good-bye, becoming Old Girls, going to university or other prospective careers. None of us could believe we were graduating.

Not many people can understand how one can become attached to a school, its people, its buildings and its grounds. I know I did in the short time I was at Branksome. Perhaps that explains the mixture of happiness and sadness of graduation. I knew that I was leaving but I also knew that I could always come back and be welcome. I'm sure that all graduates share this feeling which gives Branksome a sense of continuity and future.

- Eileen Smith, Head Girl in 1977

I'm now at Princeton University and am having a wonderful time. Besides the heavy and demanding workload there are tons of extracurricular activities: movies to see, concerts to attend, lectures by visiting VIPs to listen to and art exhibitions to go to.

But don't get the wrong idea — not everything we do is educational or serious. We Princetonians do occasionally (just occasionally, mind you) have our hyper moments when we get very punchy.

- Patty Kuo, 1977 graduate

A major problem at university is deciding what to wear in the morning. However an easy solution is to pull on my Branksome blouse. The excuse — no time for laundry, haven't done it for weeks!

- Diana Harris, 1977 prefect, editor-in-chief of SLOGAN



The weeks prior to our graduation day were really busy and the actual day seemed to fly right past me. However the more recent installation of the prefects had a lot more significance to me. I had had the summer holidays and a month of university to appreciate all Branksome had to offer. It was very hard to think that this was the last ceremony I would be an active part of.

- Jane Wiley, 1977 prefect

Branksome was an invaluable opportunity to get to know different people. When one gets into the outside world these chances become fewer.

- Liz Herridge, 1977 graduate



# prize list 1976-1977

## JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

### General Proficiency

Grade 1 - Mairi-Ann Padmore  
Grade 2 - Carol Riley  
Grade 3 - Lisa Gelinas  
Grade 4 - Rosalind Glasspool  
Grade 5 - Catriona Padmore  
Grade 6 - Catherine Temelcoff  
Grade 7R8 - Silvie Zakuta  
Grade 7R9 - Martha Wilson  
Grade 7R10 - Kelly White  
Grade 8R3 - Amanda Worley  
Grade 8R4 - Kelly Hawke  
Grade 8R7 - Julia Robertson

The Bone Memorial Prize for French in  
Grade 8 — Kelly Hawke

Alexandra Ward Bursary for Music  
Deborah Chambers

Ann Bayliss Cup for Public Speaking in  
the Junior School  
Anne-Louise Genest

Stephanie Telfer Memorial for School  
Enthusiasm — Sarah MacCulloch

Alumnae Prize for Outstanding  
Contribution to the Junior School  
Alison Wiley

Scripture in Grade 8 — Simonetta Lanzi

Handicrafts and Sewing in Grade 7  
Holly Chercover

Junior School Activity Awards —  
Julia Allan, Holly Chercover, Catherine  
Herridge, Mary Kelton, Sarah MacCulloch,  
Judith McClure, Marilyn Wallace, Alison  
Wiley.

## SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZES

### Grade 12 Prizes

Home Economics — Rosanna Sun  
Mathematics — The Dorothy G. Phillips  
Prize — Rosanna Sun  
Fashion Arts — Debra Colman  
Art — Philippa Harris  
Commercial Subjects — Marianne Schurman  
French — Lindsey Hall  
English — The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize —  
Paula Pettitt  
Chemistry — Paula Pettitt  
History — Barbara Morris  
Geography — Karen Edward  
Latin — Ines Hack  
Physical Education and Health —  
Bridget Wiley

### Grade 13 Prizes

The Helen L. Edmison Memorial Prize  
for Biology — Eileen Smith  
History — Catherine Morrow  
The Elizabeth Kilpatrick Memorial Prize  
for English — Catherine Morrow  
Geography — Cordelia Long  
Mathematics — Nancy Hill, Pauline Look  
Chemistry — Janet Anderson  
Physics — Maple Lo  
Psychology — Patricia Kuo  
The Helen Sandoz Perry Prize for Art —  
Catherine Kelly  
French — Christina Gunton

### Ontario Scholars

Janet Anderson	Kathryn Johnston
Joan Anderson	Patricia Kuo
Grace Belch	Maple Lo
Lorraine Best	Cordelia Long
Kimberlee Campbell	Pauline Look
Alison Gilbert	Margaret McFarland
Christine Gunton	Catherine Morrow
Nancy Hill	Eileen Smith

## Medals

The Lieutenant Governor's Medal for Scholarship  
in Grade 8 — Alison Wiley

The Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship  
in Grade 12 — Rosanna Sun

The School Medal for Scholarship in Grade 13 —  
Pauline Look

The Governor General's Medal — Catherine  
Morrow

The Jean Hume Memorial Medal for Leader-  
ship — Eileen Smith

## Essay Competition

Grades 5 and 6 — Angela Cowper  
Grades 7 and 8 — Virginia Harris  
Grades 9 and 10 — Millie Paupst  
Grades 11, 12 and 13 — Patricia Kuo

The Dorothy Misener Teskey Bursary in Home  
Economics — Arden Patterson

Contribution to Music — Catherine Morrow

Loyal Co-operation in the Residence — the  
Kathleen C. Shaw Memorial — Marie Lange

Library Service — Catherine Morrow

Service to the Debating Society — Nancy  
Hutchins, Sue Wurtzburg

Service to the Drama Club — Laurie Stein

Service to the Slogan — Diana Harris, Diana  
Coulter

## Progress — Carroll Barnicke

### Alumnae Association Prizes for Art

#### Senior School

First — The Grace Morris Craig Prize — Grace  
Bolton

Second — Amanda Graham

Photography — Kathryn Johnston

#### Sculpture

First — Allison Wild

Second — Elizabeth Pitfield

#### Junior School

First — Susan Shaw

Second — Jennifer Pitman

Design — Susan Garay

### Alumnae Association Prizes for Handicraft

#### Senior School

First — Celia Hore

Second — Grace Bolton

#### Junior School

First — Wendy Lewer

Second — Jennifer Geddes

Third — Lori Herring

### Alumnae Association Prizes for Poetry

First — Tracy Smith

Second — Sharon Vardy

The Edgar Gordon Burton Memorial Prize for  
Personal Achievement — Nancy MacKenzie

The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize for Citizenship —  
Kathryn Johnston

The Carter-Ledingham Prize for Outstanding  
Contribution to the Senior School — Jane Wiley

## SPORTS PRIZES

### Badminton

Singles — Jean Normand  
Doubles — Nancy Hill, Janet Anderson

### Swimming

Under 11 Champion — Susan Garay  
Junior Champion — Kate Wiley  
Intermediate Champion — Andrea Whiteacre  
Senior Champions — Maureen Sullivan, Pamela Wilby  
Diving Champion — Lisa Molle

### Tennis

Senior Singles — Robin Heintzman  
Junior Singles — Judith McClure

### Gymnastics

Open Champion — Maureen Sullivan

### Bowling

Junior Champion — Lisa Halyk

### Sports Day

Under 11 Champion — Darcy Bett  
Junior Champion — Holly Chercover  
Intermediate Champion — Kate Wiley  
Senior Champion — Kathryn Morawetz  
Open 75 Yard Dash — Tricia Purks

### Basketball

Clan Cup — McLeod  
Class Cup — 12R3

### Volleyball

Class Cup — 13R2

Clan Cup — Campbell

Class Cup for Participation in Activities  
Throughout the Year — 13R4

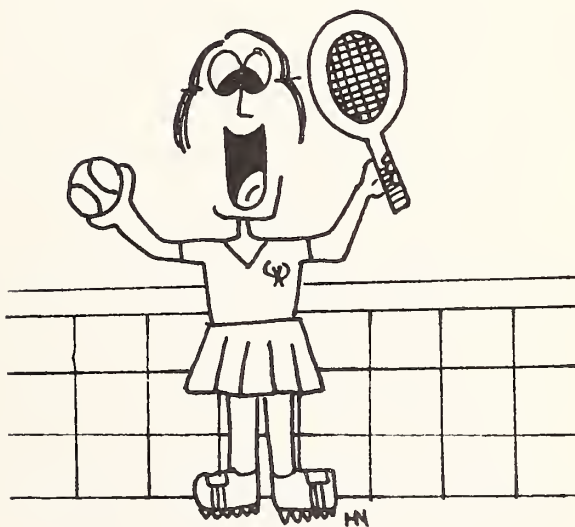
### Clan Awards

Junior School — Robertson  
Fraser Award to the Chieftain — Judith McClure  
Senior School — McAlpine  
McLeod Award to the Chieftain — Bridget Wiley

### Athletic Awards

Junior (Gr. 9-10) — Jacqueline Atkin, Monica Dashwood, Molly Falconer, Bryn MacPherson, Andrea Whiteacre, Kate Wiley.

Senior School (Gr. 11, 12 and 13) — Brenda Bartlett, Philippa Harris, Gillian MacCulloch, Kathryn Morawetz, Jean Normand.



The year 1977-78 has marked a great step forward in Branksome's history. A massive reconstruction program was instigated and completed ... a project which dominated each Branksomite's school life, from September to June.

Some of the girls were sad. No longer would they be able to walk along the familiar old wooden floors. No longer would Mrs. Coulter be waiting to welcome the latecomers at the end of the checker-board hall. No longer would the waiting line for the telephone in the trophy room be the place to catch up on the latest gossip, and no longer would each swimming class be an experience to remember!

To these despairing Branksomites ... cheer up! We will now be able to perform HAMLET and JULIUS CAESAR on a fine stage rather than a soapbox. Wall-to-wall carpeting will allow latecomers to slip into the school unnoticed, and each teacher will have her own classroom so that she won't be late for class! The swimming pool will be as blue, cool and refreshing as the Mediterranean, and the common room equipped with all the latest fashions in common room furnishings.

This year at Branksome has provided all of us with many memorable experiences, from choosing the best looking workman to trying to find a common room for the grads; from singing and skits to organizing activities and selling flowers for the Heart Foundation. Although the face of the school has changed, the spirit has remained the same.

To next year's grads, enjoy your common room, and to everyone, thanks for a great year.

Love, Bridget





## prefects



Head Girl  
Sports Captain  
Junior School Prefect  
Grade Nine Prefect  
Grade Ten Prefect  
Grade Eleven Prefect  
Grade Twelve Prefect  
Residence Prefect  
Head of Beta Kappa

Bridget Wiley  
Sandra Smythe  
Pippa Harris  
Jaqueline McClure  
Liz Campbell  
Marilyn Barefoot  
Laurie Stein  
Debra Colman  
Jill MacCulloch



# APPOINTMENTS 1977-1978

## HEAD GIRL

Bridget Wiley

## PREFECTS

Marilyn Barefoot  
Pippa Harris

Elizabeth Campbell  
Jacqui McClure  
Sandra Smythe

Debra Colman  
Gillian MacCulloch  
Laurie Stein

## SPORTS CAPTAINS

Senior School      Sandra Smythe  
Junior School      Elizabeth Tinker

Clan	Chieftain	Sub-Chieftain
Bruce	Stephanie Churcher	Kelly White
Duncan	Emily Fells	Pamela van Straubenzee
Fraser	Catherine Herridge	Terri Parker
Grant	Jennifer Thompson	Lori Herring
Johnston	Jennifer Ryder	Margaret Hermant
Robertson	Martha Wilson	Cari Corigan
Campbell	Ginny Campbell	Kathryn Campbell
Douglas	Ginny Cooper	Joanne Stinson
MacGregor	Missy Gracey	Kathy Martin
MacLean	Anne Duncan	Jacqui Atkin
McAlpine	Janet Hall	Leslie Gorwell
McLeod	Janet Gilbert	Anne Clements
Ross	Marianne Reynolds	Vicki Pinnington
Scott	Marg Moffat	Molly Falconer

## CLASS OFFICERS

Class	President	Secretary Treasurer	Sports Captain
7R8	Alison Helbronner	Charlotte Alexandor	Heather Montgomery
7R9	Megan Johnston	Cynthia Higgins	Jill Wigle
7R10	Stephanie Shorter	Priscilla Heffernan	Darcy Bett
8R3	Leslie Minshall	Michele Goodman	Suzanne Chlebus
8R4	Laurie Abel	Wendy Lawes	Martha Fell
8R7	Julia Cowan	Pamela Shade	Katherine Larone
9R9	Sarah MacCulloch	Julie Robertson	Alison Wiley
9R10	Amanda Worley	Kelly Hawke	Sandra Palmer
9R11	Virginia Harris	Betty-Jane Loughheed	Laurie Hrushowy
10R6	Kathleen London	Suzanne Beer	Signy Eaton
10R7	Jane Moes	Janet Hahn	Margaret Kemp
10R14	Kate Wiley	Tracy Dalglish	Sarah Ondaatje
10R15	Kathleen Slater	Amanda Woolham	Jill Palmer
11R18	Kathleen Martin	Anne Clements	Monica Dashwood
11R19	Kathryn Campbell	Diana Ferguson	Andrea Hector
11R20	Menta Murray	Jacqui Atkin	Molly Falconer
12R3	Leslie Shooter	Jennifer Timbrell	Suzanne Shamie
12R4	Martha-Lynn Hardie	Sarah Pitman	Rebecca McCormack
12R5	Carolyn Helbronner	Carolyn Campbell	Christine Rukas
13R1	Heather Wildi	Deborah Hemstead	Anne Fraser
13R2	Nicole MacDonell	Jean Normand	Diane Farquhar

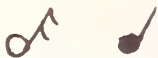


# CLANS

# campbell



Ya, ya.



Campbell can't be beat!



Rock on.

Love, Ginny and Cathy



# scott

This is not a mere image!

Scott's quartet gives double trouble.

Love, Marg and Molly



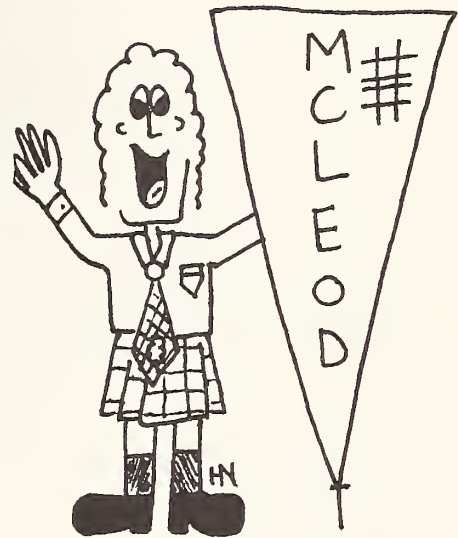


## mcleod

McLeod really swings into action!

Thanks for all your super support.

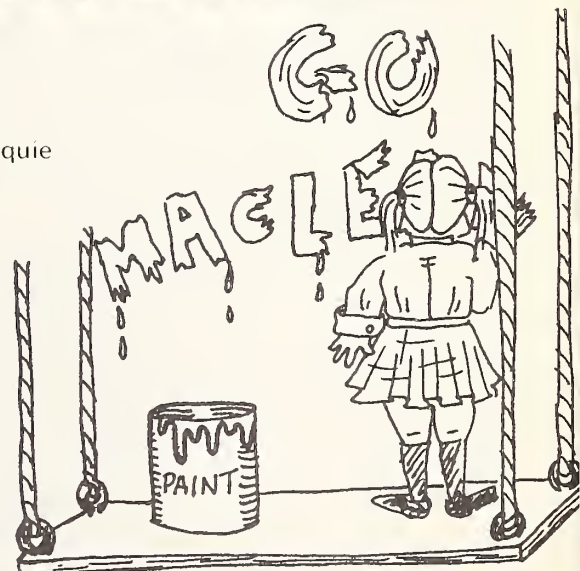
Lots of Love, Janet and Anne



## maclean



We're building a  
better world for  
you MacLeanites!  
Love, Ann and Jacquie



# mcAlpine

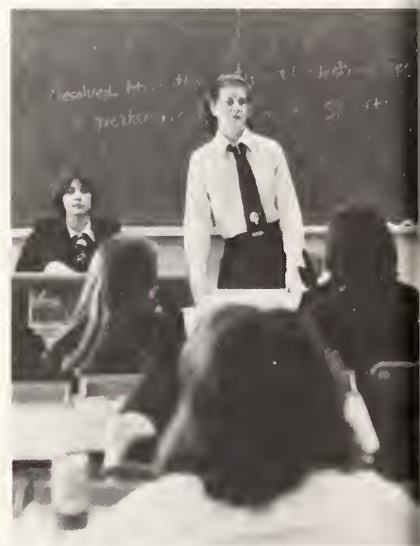


McAlpine is ten feet  
off the ground with  
spirit.

Love Janet and Leslie

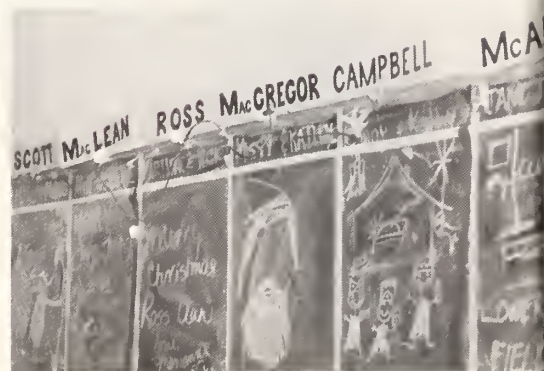


# macgregor



"Take this Miss Martin —  
DON'T CONSERVE ENERGY,  
continue giving it to  
MacGregor  
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS,  
because the spirit's  
in all of us  
WE MAKE PLAYING GARDS  
OUR BUSINESS,  
so why not make it  
yours . . ."

Love, Missy and Kathy



## ross

Step right up to victory. You're tops!

All the best, Marianne and Vicki



## douglas

The year was:  
(check one)

fantastic \_\_\_\_\_  
wonderful \_\_\_\_\_  
outstanding \_\_\_\_\_  
all of the above ☒ \_\_\_\_\_

Thanks to everyone for making this  
year a memorable one.

Love Ginnie and Joanne



## JUNIOR SCHOOL CLANS

### bruce

In some ways we may be losers.  
But to us we will always be winners.

Stephanie and Kelly



### duncan

Balance is the game, Duncan is the name.  
Team work pulled us through thanks to all of you.

Luv Emily and Pam





## fraser

We really made them put up a fight this year!  
Thanks for your continuous spirit, support  
and enthusiasm.

Catherine and Terri



## grant

Roses are red, violets are bright.  
The Grant Clan is "DY-NO-MITE"  
Jennifer and Lori



# johnston

Johnston, Johnston, we're number 1,  
We will always beat the rest;  
Robertson, Fraser, Grant, Bruce and Dunc-un.  
We won't settle for second best!!

Jenny and Maggie



# robertson

Invincible Robertson comes on strong  
Thanks for a great year.

Martha and Cari





# ACTIVITIES

# opheleo

## OPHELEO EXECUTIVE

Head of Opheleo —  
Nicky Falconer  
Vice-President —  
Sandy Simpson  
Secretary Treasurer —  
Susan MacBrien  
Head of the Opheleo in the  
Junior School — Ginny Kent  
Staff Advisor — Miss Baker



"I serve" is the Opheleo motto and service is our aim. The Opheleo Society has instigated many drives this year in its effort to serve.

Ramabai Week had a tremendous response and raised approximately \$2000.00. The Opheleo Society sold chocolate bars and candles which were a welcome addition to those good old bake sales.

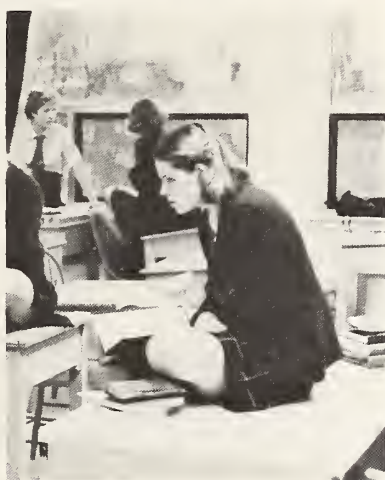
Our many drives: poppies sold for the veterans, Christmas cards sent to the Ramabai Mukti Mission, presents donated to the Chum Gift Wish, were all very successful.

Next term is in the planning with a Swim-a-thon in prospect.

Thanks for a great year.

Nicky and Sandy





The Ramabai Rout was held on Saturday, October 29 in the Residence Dining Hall. We raised \$225.00 for the Ramabai fund. The formal is planned for Saturday, March 4 at the Hunt Club.

The following is a list of qualifications you should have to be an executive of the Beta Kappa. You should:

- be able to match up long lists of names and vital statistics
- know the advantages of direct dialing
- be able to remain cool when your parents confront you with the telephone bill (listing numerous calls to Lakefield)
- have nerves of steel and be prepared to handle many last minute crises
- have the willpower to refrain from nibbling the munchies meant for the dance
- be able to peel scotch tape off the wall while leaving the paint intact.

The most important function of the Beta Kappa committee is to organize the dances so that everyone has a good time.

It has been a great year. Many thanks to all the enthusiastic committee members. A special thanks to Miss Northgrave, Jean and Maureen.

Much love, Jill

## beta kappa



Head of Beta Kappa — Jill MacCulloch  
 Vice-President — Jean Normand  
 Secretary Treasurer — Maureen Sullivan  
 Committee Heads  
 Food — Nicole MacDonell, Theresa Norris  
 Publicity — Cynthia Skelton, Jennifer Popper, Wendy Aird  
 Art — Dale Taylor, Leslie Shooter



# the drama club

It was quite an experience this year, between trips to MacDonalds for dinner and those midnight rehearsals. We managed to put on a one-act play after Christmas called "Passacaglia"

This year the drama club entered "the In-Group" into the Simpson's Ontario Drama Festival.

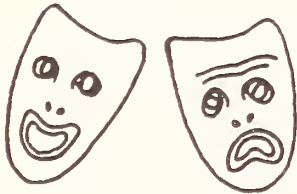
We have more exciting plans for the end-of-the-year play, The Importance of Being Earnest.

Special thanks go to all the behind the scenes crew, and especially to Miss Taylor.

Lyssa

## THE CASTS OF THE PLAYS PASSACAGLIA

Miss Gibbs	Cynthia Duncan
Miss Fanshawe	Clare Palmer
Matron	Jane Avery
Nancy	Carolyn Hayes
Mrs. Martelli	Heather Scott
Mrs. Rose	Tricia Purks



## THE IN-GROUP



One	Jill MacCulloch
Two	Laurie Stein
Three	Sandra Smythe
Four	Kathy Martin
Five	Elana Mayers
Six	Sheila Buchanan
Seven	Lyssa Davies
Eight	Jane Moes
Nine	Billie Brouse
Ten	Kathryn Liptrott
Eleven	Diana Ferguson
Twelve	Millie Paupst

# the debating club

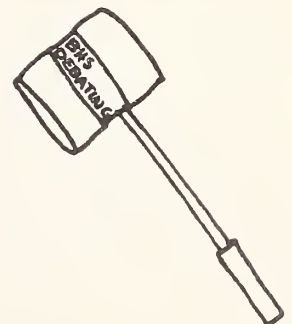
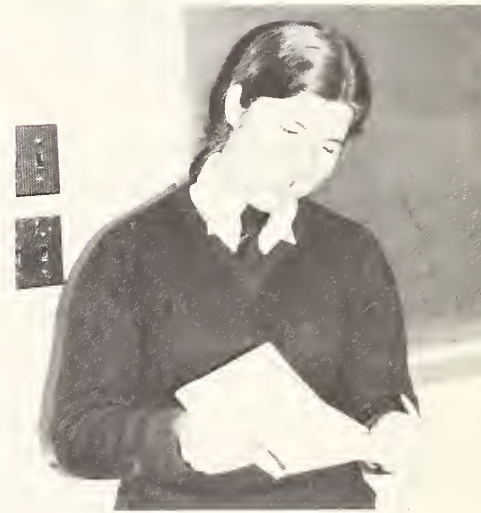


- D is for Debating and that's about all we knew about the word when we started the year.
- E is for the Enthusiasm of Everyone who came out and supported the society this year.
- B is for the Boys' schools, where we spent much of our time this year. Imagine them phoning at all hours to arrange "dates"
- A is for the Ahh's and hAA's that accompanied our announcements.
- T is for the Metro Toronto Debating Finals which were held at Branksome again this year. This could be habit forming.
- I is for Incentive to win which we hardly ever did, but had fun trying.
- N is for the Number of times we ran around trying to find last minute replacements.
- G is for our new Gavel, donated so kindly by Nancy and Sue. Looks like we'll have to top that!

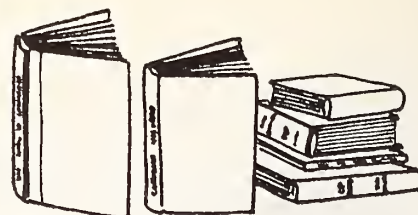
If there was a "th" in debating it would have to be used to say thank you to Mrs. Zommers and Mrs. McRae.

Love Carolyn and Lavita

P.S. Old debating heads never die. They come back next year as debators. Hint, hint!



# library



As the page turns ...

In complete silence two large black oxfords are seen tiptoeing towards the area of the reference books in the resource centre. So as not to disturb her studious fellow pupils, the Branksome girl, searching for great wisdom in the ten volumes of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*, removes a book from the shelf. Suddenly all the volumes fall to the ground with a great crash.

Usually, however, the library enjoys a quiet atmosphere.

The ever-growing, very frequently used resource centre gained a valuable addition of material as a result of our first "Buy a book for Branksome campaign". Because of the enthusiasm and support which we received, a three year magazine subscription to the "Beaver" and 227 new books are now available to the Branksome students.

Our special thanks are extended to Mrs. Dick for her guidance and understanding and to the cheerful committee for their excellent work.

Love, Ines, Tracy and Jill

Back Row: Jill Hambly, Lindsey Hall, Paula Pettitt, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Dick, Sarah Pitman, Inez Hack, Brigitte Duchesne Front Row: Tracy Smith, Zenobia Omarali, Shaheeda Ayab, Anne Clements, Suzanne Beer Front Row: Suzanne Toro, Anne Emonson. Absent: Jennifer Popper, Kathy Sharf, Mary Jane Morris, Jacque Atkin, Molly Falconer, Anna van Straubensee, Victoria Graham, Simonetta Lanzi, Martha Younger, Marla Mori.



# christian fellowship



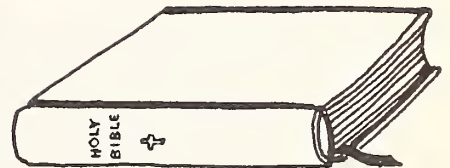
Back Row: Clare Palmer, Trish Parker. Front Row: Nancy Howson, Jane Moes, Suzanne Toro.

This year we of the I.S.C.F. have been having our meetings every other week. In the first term we devoted our energy to discussing solutions to racial prejudice. The second term began with a slide presentation on the Holy Land, which was followed by several guest speakers and a visit from the student team of the Ontario Bible College.

In the third term we plan to have some games days, a few guest speakers and more movies.

We would like to thank Mrs. Ranger for the wonderful help she has given us this year and we would also like to thank all the Branksomites who came to the meetings.

Pax,  
Nancy and Clare



# choir

This year's choir has been a group of hard working people. I would like to thank the students that make up the choir; they have given up many evenings and Saturdays for rehearsal.

The choir's executive deserves thanks for planning a successful choir trip to Camp Couchiching and for the assistance it provided in preparing the choir for the Carol Service.

Most of all, I would like to extend my thanks to Mr. Davey who pulls the choir together and makes us proud to be a part of the Branksome Hall Choir.

It has been a great year and the enthusiasm has been inspiring! Keep up the good work!

Love, Pat



## chamber choir



Back Row: Mr. Jordan, Mr. Davey. Front Row: Pat Christie, Vicki Pinnington, Jane Turner, Jacqui Shykoff, Suzanne Toro, Jane Avery, Trish Parker.

## alumnae reps.

We were happy to be given something important to do around the school. Our happiness soon became grief as we were handed 3,000 Alumnae envelopes to stuff, seal, stamp and send.

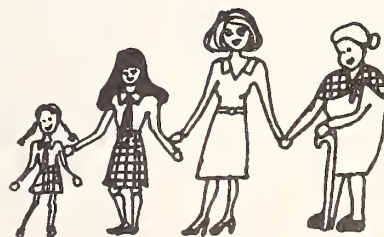
We then recruited volunteers to help us. In fact, we acquired so many helpers that we could not afford to award all a treat, as promised.

We would like to thank Miss Snowden at the office for all her help when the "seal and stamp" machine broke down. She took pity on us and offered us a smile and some of the teachers' tea.

Our biggest assignment was the bazaar. Most of the students co-operated by selling their bazaar tickets and helping us with the student bazaar. The student bazaar was a great success. We raised over \$450.00 for the school.

We would like to thank everyone who made the bazaar a success, and especially Patti Thomson, Mrs. Allen and the Junior and Senior Schools.

Love, Celia and Michelle



# debating finals

The Metro Toronto Debating Finals were held at Branksome again this year. As well as hosting the finals, B.H.S. entered three teams.

Debbie Colman  
Marilyn Barefoot

Caroline Helbronner  
Carolyn Campbell

Kate Wiley  
Jane Moes

Carolyn Campbell placed seventh and Caroline Helbronner placed fourth out of forty-eight debators. As a team they placed third out of twenty-three teams. They will be going to Queen's University on March 11 and 12 to debate in the Ontario Finals.



## between classes

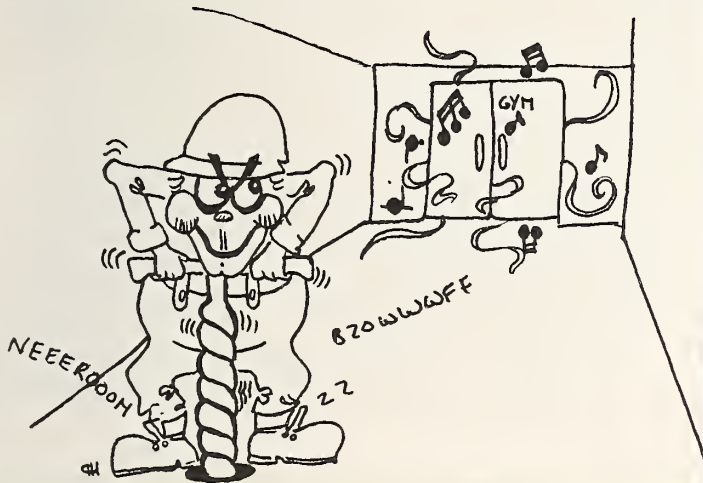
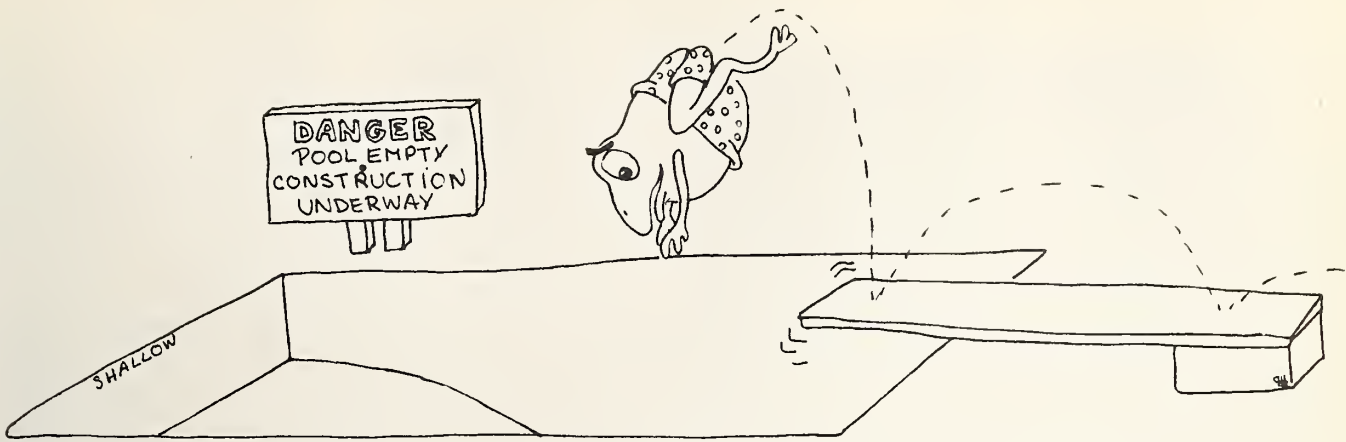






changes can be made





## fashion at b.h.s.

A stranger to the school might think that because all the students wear a uniform we all look basically the same.

However once a student has been at Branksome for a month, at the most, she (or he as is sometimes the case) changes her uniform ever so slightly. As a result, by the end of the year each girl has given her uniform "that personal look" that makes her stand out in a crowd.



# some things you might have missed

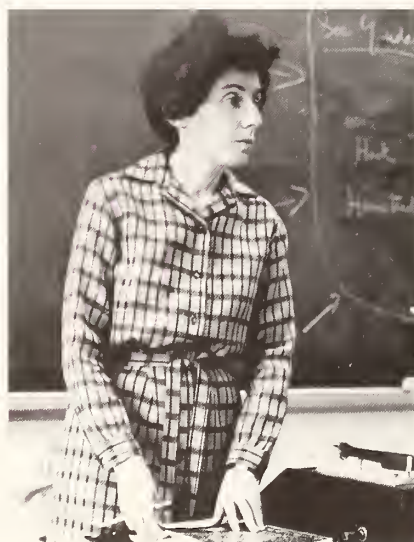
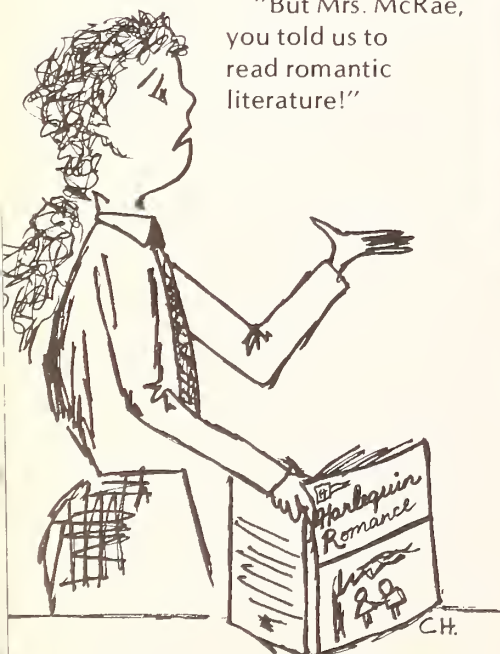


## beyond the staff room door

"Funnily enough, reproduction is a hit and miss process!"

-Mrs. MacGregor

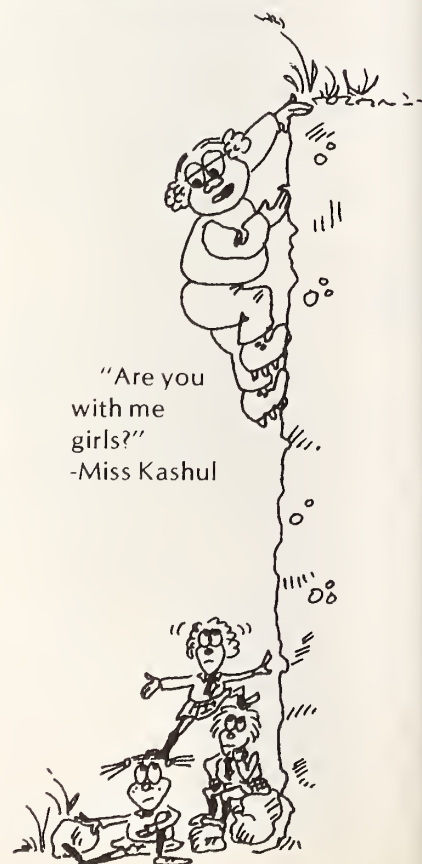
"But Mrs. McRae, you told us to read romantic literature!"



"Remind me to tell you about some memory work."

-Miss Kenny

"Are you with me girls?"  
-Miss Kashul





"There are 5 moles at equilibrium."  
-Mrs. Davidovac



"Either go where you're looking or look where you're going."  
-Miss Claxton



"Girls, what are some of the possible themes of this novel?"  
"Sex."  
"Yes, that certainly is a possibility."

- a long pause -

"Girls, we cannot just leave it at this."  
-Mrs. Quigley



"I'd better just total up the number of heads that are with us. It looks like I've shaved off two bodies."  
-Miss Baker

meanwhile, in the rest of the world . . .

**THE** CHARLIE LOSES AN  
**GOODBYE** ANGEL  
**GIRL** ERYE silver  
BOOTS jubilee  
**Elvis dies** year  
*blue jays first*  
*season*

Happy Days  
PEACE TALKS SHORT PEOPLE  
IN EAST **winter blizzards**

**J.T.** newcomer-Tracy Austin

another close MAGGIE T.  
postal encounters of  
strike the third kind  
**R2D2** **THREE'S COMPANY**  
**bee gees** death of Bing Crosby  
ROCKY



GRADS



JANE ARCHDEKIN 1976-1978

Douglas

Life's many wonders will never exceed those found within the walls of Branksome Hall. We're not different, but our ways are unique. After two fantastic years of boarding, the harder things in life seem easier. Flotto forever!

"Nobody should live in the past, but good friends should never be forgotten."



LAWRIE BADGER 1974-1978

Ross

Member of the BIS! Memories: C.G.I.T.W., cottage country, Lisa Lou, keys in cars, Hot Dogs, making like a Favourite Saying: Cafe one.

"It is astonishing how high and how far we are able to climb on mountains which we love."



ROBIN BAIN 1977-1978

MacGregor

Flotto

"If I'm as normal as I think I am, we're all a bunch of weirdos!"

Brainard

Branksome Hall School for girls presents 82 debutantes who are all intellectual, dignified, mature...

... beautiful, well mannered, composed, well organized, emotionally stable, mentally alert, joyous, ever smiling girls... er... women.



MARILYN BAREFOOT 1971-1978

McLeod — Past Chieftain

Activities: Grade 11 Prefect, past class sports captain and class president, debating, basketball. Memories: Melon, Lake Placid, blond bobsledders, cabaret, eternal diets, haircuts, sec tres. of I.B.T.C., prefecting, murder rock, thickest socks in B.H.S., Lakefield, climbing mountains with great friends, 18th B'day at W.G. and C.C.



NANCY BARR 1973-1978

MacGregor

I.S.D.R. sailing, Lakefield weekends, a broken thumb, daydreaming in Eng., Elliot Lake, trips to Stratford, Hamlet, lunches in the basement, fuzzy hair, the penny not quite dropping

"If you plan to face tomorrow, do it soon." Gordon Lightfoot.



CATHY BENNETT 1977-1978

Douglas

Activities: Choir, Chamber Choir, homework, pres. of MacNeill Jogging Club. Memories: First grad party, midnight cookie raids, debates at U. of T., trying to lose weight (?), Great food. Ambition: To sing opera. Probable Destiny: Janitor at O'Keefe Centre during opera season.



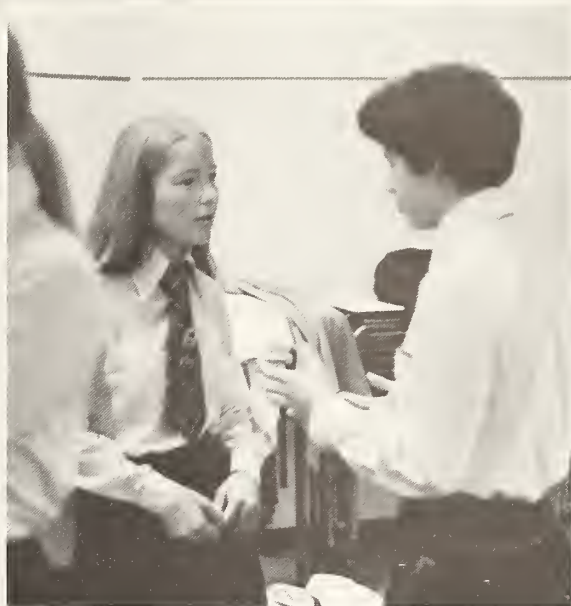
**BILLIE BROUSE 1974-1978**

Douglas

From Grade 9 water fights to flat tires on Yonge Street, the four of us, Greenwin Square rooftop, "the movie got out late!", Lake Placid, surviving — and most of all enjoying it!

"Whoever lives true life will love true life."

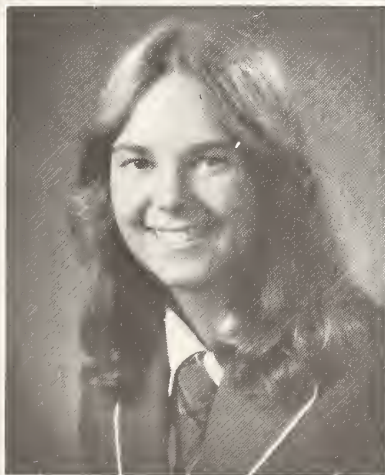
Elizabeth Barrett Browning



**LIZ CAMPBELL 1971-1978**

Campbell — Past Chieftain

Grade 10 Prefect. Will never forget attempting sports and always ending up a supporter, Birthday cakes for lunch, Lake Placid, never missing a Spring Concert, play, fashion show, or Old Girls' game, memories of a terrific bunch of grade 10ers - 7 great years -



**DEBRA ANNE COLMAN 1971-1978**

MacLean

Activities: Choir, Chamber Choir, Cabaret, Resident Prefect. Memories: The Inspector, Eggs McNothing, Snowball fights = romance (?), Lake Placid and Liz's legs, vice pres. I.B.T.C., LeTube, Russians, Atom Ant

Remember: Never lose sight of your dreams and ideals: for once lost, you become one of the thousand sheep.



**KAREN CORK 1976-1978**

MacLean

Office Positions: V.P. for N.P., B.A.S.A., F.A.Z. Memories: Hassles, backgammon, Snells, Howells, and Sheep, Lake Placid, Church!, country songs, blue socks! Tomorrow we'll jump off the bridge. Favourite Sayings: "Huh??", "Who ... Me?", "deadly", "Let's go." Ambition: High School Graduate, to travel far, far away, meet Annie in Lake Placid



MARION COULTER 1975-1978

Douglas

Memories. Past prefect of Flotto Avengers, red "pop" parties with Ann "Fun with Fame"

"You have a long way to go and the streets are dark, you may have to walk all night before you find another heart as lonely."

Raymond Souster



NANCY CRAIG 1976-1978

Scott

Flotto. Memories: Great friends, great times and on the other side of the fence, schoolwork! Activities: Getting into trouble, Saturday morning study, pretending to be intelligent. Ambition: To become an exterminator, then live a happy life. Probable Destiny: Math teacher at B H S

If you can handle boarding, you can handle anything in life!



BRENDA DAVIDSON 1970-1976, 1977-1978

McAlpine

Greatest Achievement. Being a Branksome new girl ... twice! Memories: The Junior School banner, "The Gang", Elliot Lake, Cur, Baun, San, Breakfast parties, but where's Jill? Activities: Tennis, badminton, team sports, football, basketball, volleyball, Ophelo, Beta Kappa ... B.G.C.P. with Lisa Lou.



LYNDA-JANE DAVIS 1972-1978

Scott

Nickname. L.J. Memories: Cockroaches, mostly found without oxfords, snowball fights, sub chieftain of Bruce Clan, always borrowing money from Leslie, eating at Greenwin, and workmen.

Favourite Verse: "Mist, floating through the air, the whole world is its backyard nowhere to be seen."



KAREN EDWARD 1976-1978

MacGregor

Flotto. If it wasn't for her acute geographical skills, combined with her keen sense of taste, we (Farky and Fleisch) would starve. It's all in the wrist action, eh Eddie. Probable Destination: Animal hospital (as the animal). Pet People: Nanc, Mandy, S.N., J.H.



NICKY FALCONER 1971-1978

Scott

Activities: Head of Ophelo, intra-school sports, past class president. Memories: Going from a mature kindergartener to an immature grad with Liz, Park Rd. route with Jillie, Hermitage and Chris, climatizing with Beth, G.S. eh? Annsy, computer, R.17, K.R.C. n'est-ce pas Sandy?

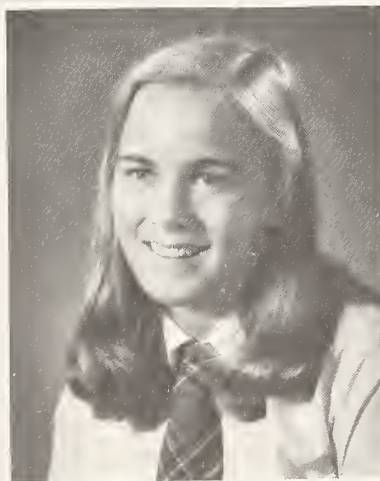
"Hold on for what you believe in, hold on don't let it fade." Dan Hill.



KATHY FARIA 1976-1978

Douglas

"To love the world and no longer compare it with some kind of desired imaginary dream of perfection, but to leave it as it is, to love it, and to be glad to belong to it"



DIANE FARQUHAR 1976-1978

Scott

Renowned as Farky Flotto sports Some think Branksome Hall Institute for refined table manners is the ideal place for Farky; others are amazed that Branksome is still standing: let alone Farky. See you all in 15 years. The first one back's an old maid. Sp. thks. to Mrs. K. (swish).



KATHERINE FARRELL 1977-1978

Douglas

Happiness is. Skating, bagels and cream cheese, friends. Cherished Memories: Summer '77, life.

"Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt."

"Don't you ever ask them why, if they told you you would cry, so just look at them and sigh, and know they love you."



ANN FLEISCHMANN 1975-1978

Scott

Memories: "Fameishness", raids with Eddy and Fark, past chieftess of Flotto Avengers, Motto and Buck the Fuff, Marn's "red Pop" parties

'I'm sorry I took your time,

I'm the poem that doesn't rhyme.

Just turn the page,

I'll fade away "



ANNE FRASER 1971-1978

MacLean — Past Chieftain

Activities: B.B., C.C., S.S., F.B., swimming, Beta Kappa, Opheleo, Cabaret, Pres. of IBTC Memories: Ocean wave tag, M.M., G.E.W., O.G.G., Quebec trips, G.P. with Sandy, Mac's with Beel, 15 years with Pippa, G.S. with Nick, Can I have a foot Jen? Going to visit Margot, S.B.D.B.J.



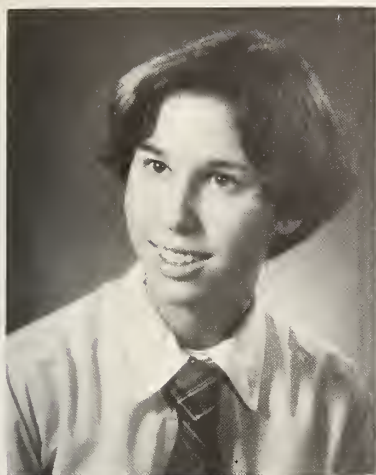
NEO GAOPEPE 1976-1978

Campbell

"I believe in the sun even when it is not shining. I believe in love even when I feel it not. I believe in God even when he is silent."

Memories: Choir trips, grad parties, boarding, baby blue suit, Kawala bear.

"No, I don't have pet lions in my backyard"



GAELEN GORDON 1968-1978

MacGregor

Reflections: All those dances, 4 muskateers, such gossip, a year apart, O.D.A.R., last minute dance decisions, Gaylea Ben, our parties, persistent hunting around town, zillions of laughs. Oh, but those were good times...

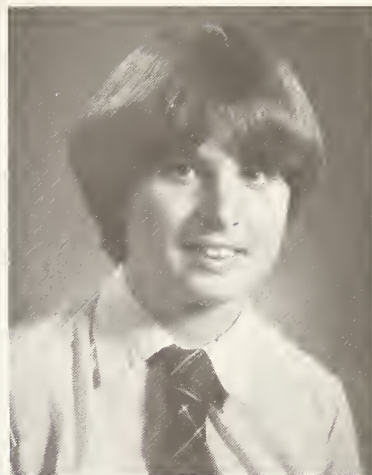
"I never let my schooling interfere with my education." Mark Twain.



INES HACK 1973-1978

Campbell

Activities: Head Librarian, past Choir President, jogging with Jennifer and Pippa(?) Memories: Lunch time library committee meetings, choir trips, Campbell wheelbarrow races, Tessie calling me Nessie, Miss P.J. Perfect, sisters, Lindsey, smiles and socks around the ankles.



LINDSEY HALL 1976-1978

Ross

Memories: Talking to Margaret about Nassau, sisters, lunchtime library meetings, April Fool's Day, "You Branksome girls all walk the same way.", arranging a blind date for P.J.P., Monday morning, "Where's Tracy?", Ines's tan, locker sharing with Susan.



JILL HAMBLEY 1976-1978

McLeod

"One only understands the things that one tames," said the fox. "Men have no more time to understand anything. They buy things already made at the shops. But there is no shop anywhere where one can buy friendship, and so men have no friends anymore. If you want a friend, tame me..."

THE LITTLE PRINCE



PIPPA HARRIS 1971-1978

Scott — Past Chieftain

Activities: Junior School liaison, running over the overpass, swim team, synchro, football, badminton, orienteering. Memories: Ocean waves, Elliot Lake, "puerile", Gr. 12 geography, Angus, being a turkey at Thanksgiving ..., I.B.T.C., 15 years with Anne, Green Panther, "untie my hair?", tonguetiedness, Heather.



DEBBIE HEMSTEAD 1972-1978

McAlpine

Activities: Advertising Editor of the Slogan, Sec. Tres. of 13R1, class and clan sports, drama, golf, beat the bus. Memories: Not getting a blackout at the end of "The Mousetrap", "Oh geez", passing Gr. 12 Math with Michelle, broken chairs, funerals in French, 18th B'day at W.G. and C.C., goon, fantastic friends.



ALISON HICKS-LYNE 1974-1978

Campbell

Activities: Choir, Drama, Beta Kappa. Memories: Cards during spares with Anne, Karen and Liz. Happy Valentine's Day to Mrs. Dick, so guys, what's new? Usually Found. Coming in late. Ambition: Fashion Design and Photography. "The sun will always shine — if not today . . . tomorrow."



CELIA HORE 1968-1978

McLeod

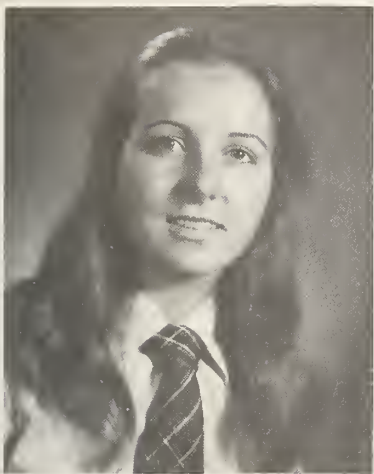
Memories: Nicole's pillow games, juggling with Sandi, hysterics with Barb, wishing I were deep and philosophical. "When you wake up in the morning, Pooh" said Piglet, "What's the first thing you say to yourself?" "What's for breakfast?" said Pooh "What do you say?" "I say I wonder what's going to happen today?" Pooh nodded thoughtfully. "It's the same thing."

A.A. Milne



ANNE HOWELL 1977-1978

McLeod



ANN HUSTIS 1977-1978

Ross

Always Found: With a towel around her head. Memories: Residence — mad dashes back to MacNeill house at 9:00 p.m. Sunday, cold winter nights with the window open, right Bridget? Ambition: Nursing, marriage, living on a farm, having ten kids (not necessarily in that order!).

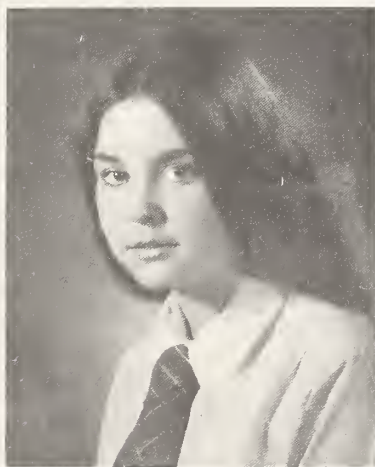


NANCY HUTCHINS 1971-1978

Scott

Editor of the Slogan, Past Pres. of Debating Society. Memories: Synchro, O.G.G., G.E.W. and a bee, Hutley Romances, "the" Gr. 12 weekend at Sue's, cups full o' love, the Bahamas, insanity at 2 a.m. and friends.

"I-I hardly know, just at the present — at least I know who I was when I got up this morning but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

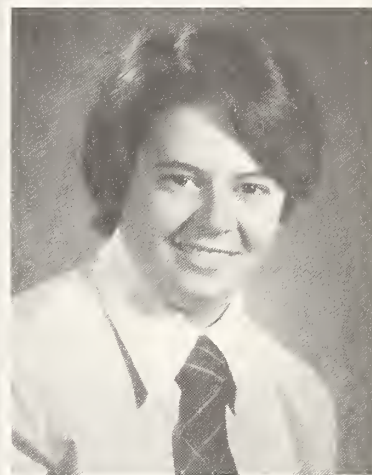


SUSAN JACOBS 1976-1978

Ross

"In so far as I am I and only I am I, I am inevitably and eternally alone, and it is my last blessedness to know it and accept it and to live with this as the core of my self-knowledge"

D.H. Lawrence



ELIZABETH JONES 1970-1978

McAlpine

Memories: Playing cards in the Blue room with Alison, Karen and Anne, "Brian's Song", M.C. fan, history with Mrs. Marshouwer, Spanish with Brigitte and Jacquie. Favourite Saying: "Are you with me?" Claim to Fame: Royal Family Expert. Ambition: Psychology. Probable Destiny: Mental Institution with Anne and Sheila.



MARGOT KELSICK 1977-1978

Douglas

Favourite Poem:

"If you love something, set it free,  
If it comes back it was yours,  
If it does not, it never was."

Memories: Getting lost in a traffic jam of  
Branksome girls, ordering pizza at two in  
the morning, my first sight of snow. Brrr!



QUEENIE LAU 1977-1978

MacGregor

"And now Abideth faith, hope, and love,  
these three; but the greatest of these is  
love."

1 Corinthians 13:13



LYNNE LAWSON 1971-1978

MacGregor

Activities: Synchronized swimming,  
debating, French Club.

"Time passes quickly but memories live  
on forever."



LISA LUCAS 1974-1978

Ross — Past Chieftain

After years and years of wearing it, it's  
nearly as smart as me. At least, Herman  
thought so. Simon Gascoyne never did  
like it whenever I'd wear it, he'd just say  
"Don't say anything for a moment".  
Herman has one last comment.  
Whenever you're low remember:  
acquaintances come and go, good  
friends last forever. Wuffle and Take  
Care Badgie, Jack and Nicole.



SUSAN MacBRIEN 1969-1978

Campbell

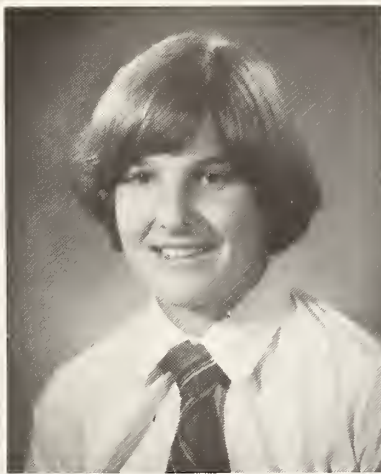
Activities: Past class president, past clan  
sub chieftain, Opheleo sec. tres., intra-  
inter-school sports. Memories: Jr. School,  
Que. trips, Ottawa's "Thing", bathtubs,  
S.P. MacB. (eh J.P.), Splat, Elliot Lake.

"... and once you have tasted flight you  
will walk the earth with your eyes turned  
skyward for there you have been and  
there you long to return..."



JILL MacCULLOCH 1973-1978  
McAlpine

Activities: Prefect, Head of Beta Kappa, past class sports capt and president, school teams. Memories: Infamous 9R14, V.B. Raspberries, Gr. 11 Depression and Social Butterflies, Monkswell Manor, early morning practises, jujubes, heart to heart talks, old buildings, M.J., Lur, Mur and Thurl!, Beta Kappa Exec. Meetings. Usually Found: Being late and looking for an excuse.



NICOLE MacDONELL 1975-1978  
MacGregor

"Life is too important a thing ever to talk seriously about."  
Oscar Wilde



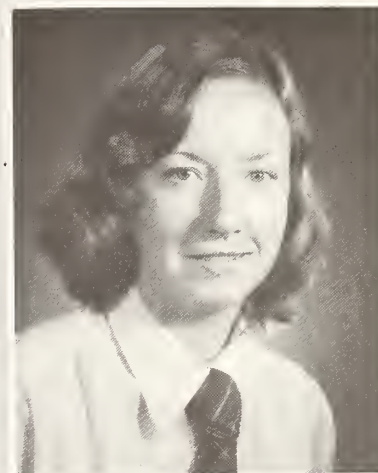
ANNIE MAK 1977-1978  
MacLean

"To understand people, I must try to hear what they are not saying, what they will perhaps never be able to say."



JACQUELINE McCLURE 1963-1978 wow!  
Ross

Activities: Grade 9 Prefect, Tennis Team, Cabaret, supporter of many things. Memories: Having kilts size 4-14, Mrs. Upjohn, Miss Sneezepickle and Mrs. Dowie, the Country Dr., and a certain black leotard. Pet Peeve: Dusty oxfords.



LYNN MCGUIRE 1976-1978  
Douglas

Slogan Photography Editor. Memories: Lunchtime, playing hearts, Karen's wild lunches, Gr. 12 History and Geography classes, laughing through "Brian's Song", Sarcasm Award, Skiing with O'Toole, arguing with O'Toole, laughing with O'Toole, It's been fun ... Thanks Branksome!

"Never wait or hesitate, Get in kid before it's too late, You may never get another chance."



**HILARY McPHAIL 1971-1978**

McAlpine

Activities: Choir, French Club, skating  
 Memories: Air-conditioned classrooms in winter and heated classrooms in summer  
 Nicknames: Hilroy, Leroy, Rosen-crantz, Hill Bill McPhil.  
 Pet Peeve: Non-political persons who don't like cats  
 Ambition: Teaching in N.W.T.  
 Probable Destiny: Janitor at B.H.S.



**BARB MORRIS 1975-1978**

McAlpine

Literary Editor of the Slogan. Memories: Football, hysterical laughter, lunchtime birthdays and squash, last minute dates, driving, lots of fun and good friends.  
 "Life is what happens to you while you're making other plans."



**JANET MORRIS 1974-1978**

Ross

Activities: Library, drama, B.A.S.C., Boaster, Paul's, S.A.C., exercise.  
 Memories: D.A.C.T., the Underground with Porter, Pizza at 2 a.m. Boogie with Shauberino, all-nighters, parties with Lauren, tropical fauna, sleeping on the roof, fire drills, looney club.  
 Probable Destiny: Lisabeth's manager.  
 Favourite Saying: Ya can't trust nobody!



**SHARON MUNRO 1975-1978**

MacLean

Activities: Choir, driving, tennis, French Club. Memories: Falling into the lake at Camp Couchiching, snowball fights, drowning during swimming lessons.  
 "Woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone. No man will admire her the more, no woman will like her the better for it."  
 Jane Austen.



SANDI NERO 1973-1978

McAlpine

Nicknames: Ner, Nemo. Memories: Greenwin, "the stump", football, basketball, car rally, tennis with Beel, spare with Beel, grade 9 French, grade 12 English, the mole, Ravioli and Mateus, locker room pranks, cup-a-soup, baby powder fights.



JEAN NORMAND 1971-1978

McLeod

Will I ever forget: Cabaret, Eh Nerd!, Beta Kappa Exec. meetings, silly Jilly, car rallies, 7:45 a.m. Football and basketball practises, Brador, L. Placid ski trip, the social butterflies, and good friends. Weakness: Jujubes.

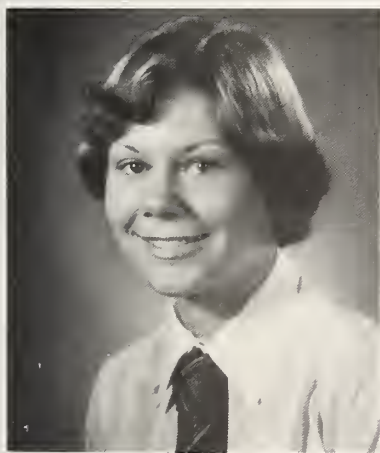
Proverb: The grand essentials to happiness in life are something to do, someone to love, and something to hope for.



SHEILA NORTHCOTE 1976-1978

Scott

"To err is human; but to wear out the eraser before you wear out the pencil is taking too many liberties." A.B. Yates. Are you with me?



KAREN NORTHEY 1965-1978

MacGregor

Memories: A few mature friends Helen and her broom, A.R. and the gang, H. and hysterical laughter, endless worries and G.'s advice, the exclusive black tie dinner party, Greek friendliness, SGC, sleeping bags and chip dip, 4 p.m. with Lance, Lauri, Ma Foste and little Philip... shocking, attempting to define normal behavior.



HAYLEY PARKER 1973-1978

Scott

Activities: Swim team, Slogan Sports Editor, Drama Club, Residence Newspaper, Art Club. Memories: Boarding, special people and friends, B.A.S.C., I.B.T.C., getting letters, mostly found writing letters, 5 years of laughter, tears and experience.

"One never forgets, the memory just recedes"





TRISH PARKER 1976-1978

MacGregor

Activities: Choir, Chamber Choir, Inter-school C.F., French Club. Memories: Trying to find 5 or 10 minutes to do a night's homework, birthday at the Ritz, testing the buoyancy of Camp Couchiching canoes, Branksome's vitality. Ambition: To choose a hymn that everyone can see and sing.

"If you love life, life loves you back."



PAULA PETTITT 1971-1978

MacGregor

Memories: Luncheon library committee meetings, Branksome blind dates, discussions on "that dog", sisters, hiding my pink baby bracelet, super shiny oxfords, false fire alarms in the middle of the winter, stairs and stairs and stairs... happy times and good friends!



JENNIFER POPPER 1977-1978

MacLean

Activities: French Club, Ophelo, Beta Kappa, Library Committee. Remember: counting with Lindsey, jogging with Ines and Pippa (!) the Royal Bumps, 8:30 (precisely) at the corner, Cynthia!, "Have a foot, Anne", en francais avec Nicky. "A smile takes so little but means so much."



MICHELLE PROULX 1968-1978

MacLean

Activities: Basketball, baseball, volleyball, orienteering, Choir, beat the bus, Alumnae Rep., Cabaret. Memories: Passing Gr 12 Math with Deb., Toes, Lake Placid, "Mom", 1/2 of the dynamic duo, cuzz, J.B.D.B.J., "Ieynolds", S.B., leTube, I.G.I.R., and guys on the subway, right Pat?



RANJANA PURI 1974-1978

Ross

Nicknames: Rusy Ranji and Ranji baby. Ambition: To be a doctor. Message from a friend: A day without Ranji is like a day without sunshine. She always is in class quietly participating; a new girl to some, an old girl to most; good luck Ranji.

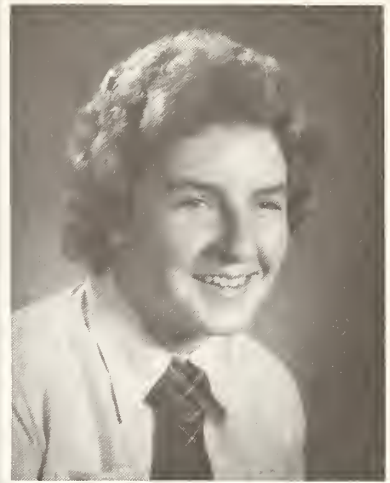


VALERIE REID 1972-1978

McLeod

Activities: Past Clan Chieftain of Johnston. Memories: Mrs. D. and the Fashion Shows, workmen, swinging on the swings, spending my spares at Greenwin Square, great friends, and being the "legal age" when no one else has reached it yet.

Saving: I'll think about it tomorrow.



LOUISE REILLY 1969-1978

McLeod

Activities: Inter-Intra-school sports. Memories: Jr. School, Mrs. Hay, black runners, 3 clans, R + W.G., locker 102, Gabbie, 2 school rings, The Parlour, S.D.A., 6 foot cherry strudel, trips, parties, dances, 9 great years at BHS — Thanx. Nicknames: Wead, Weezie, O'Toole. Pet Peeve: I've got the bilateral short leg syndrome. Probable Destiny: Pres. BHS P.T.A.



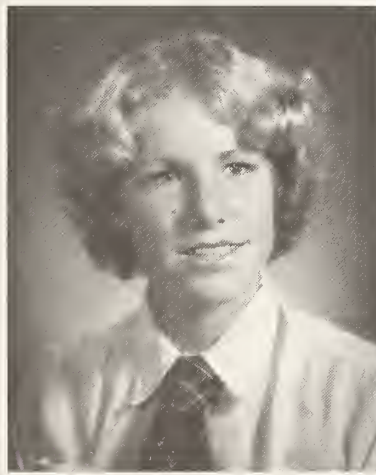
JENNIFER RYLEY 1977-1978

Campbell

An import from Lawrence Park Collegiate, hopes to spend time on Photography and travel in the near future, then off to university to study the Arts.

"Voyager upon life's sea

To yourself be true,  
And whatever your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe."

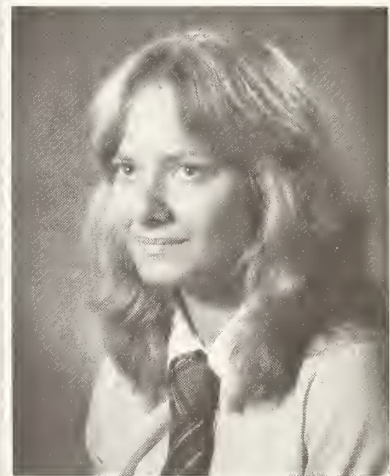


HEATHER SCOTT 1972-1978

Scott

Activities: 1976 recipient of BHS Apathy Award, occasional drama participant. Memories: SGC and U. of T., Suetam, Brock, Les, Lance and Laurie mmmm? K and G: normals among nuts, the shocking Gr. 12 locker, a night in Olympia, worrying and fasting, Helen Wedge and Annie.

"How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world."



LISABETH SHAUB 1974-1978

Campbell

Activities: Library, drama, B.A.S.C., SAC, Paul's, exercise. Memories: U.F.E.'s from Skinner, water fights, D.A.C., pizza's at 2.00 a.m., boogie with Morrisimo, all-nighters, tropical fauna, sleeping on the roof, looney club. Probable Destiny: Janet's manager.

"The moment may pass quickly, but the memory can linger forever."



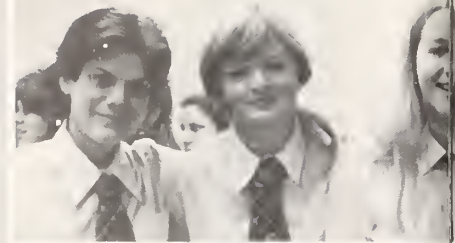
TONI SHAW 1977-1978

Campbell  
Memories: Montreal Activities:  
Basketball team, debating. "So far away,  
doesn't anybody stay in one place,  
anymore?"  
"There exists limitless opportunities in  
every industry Where there is an open  
mind, there will always be a frontier"



SANDRA SIMPSON 1976-1978

Campbell  
Activities: Vice Pres. Opheleo, Beta  
Kappa Committee, football, crazy  
eights Memories: Even if I listed the best  
ones I'd need a hundred pages. Thanks  
for all of them.



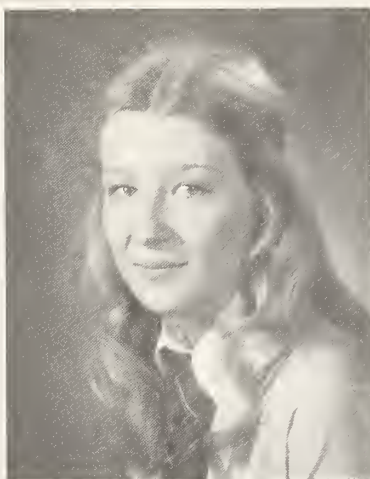
CYNTHIA SKELTON 1977-1978

McAlpine  
Activities: Beta Kappa. Memories:  
Montreal, ski slopes, G.S. Claim to Fame:  
Graduating from yet another private  
girls' school. Pet Aversion: Arriving in  
Functions when it's Calculus, Calculus  
when it's Algebra, Algebra when it's...  
Favourite Verse: "Heads I eat, tails I  
sleep, and if it lands on the side I study."



SUSAN SKINNER 1972-1978

MacGregor  
Pet Peeve: Writing essays for history,  
stories for English. Memories: U.F.E.'s to  
Shaubs, water fights in Main, D.A.C. at  
6:30 a.m., sleeping on the roof in the  
rain, right Janet? Activities: B.A.S.C.,  
Paul's, Drama Club Tecky, Mead Set,  
Dead body, curtain puller, running while  
Cathy jogs.



FLORA MARIE SMITH 1972-1978

McLeod

Activities: Swim team, synchro  
Nicknames: Flower, Shrimp, Floss,  
Florida, Flick, Shorty. Pet Peeves:  
Boarding, being called Flower, being  
short, no mail. Ambition: Anything with  
Art and/or swimming. Probable Destiny:  
Painting BHS's washroom walls.

"In times of trouble do not worry for  
your true friends will pull you through "



TRACY SMITH 1972-1978

Campbell

Activities: Assistant Head of Library,  
Choir, swimming, trying to open Paula's  
lock. Memories: Squirt-gun fights, Elliot  
Lake, choir trips, lunch time library  
committee meetings, Nessie calling me  
Tessie, discussions on "that cat", tramp  
jumping with Sharon, Campbell  
wheelbarrow races and sisters.



SANDY SMYTHE 1971-1978

Douglas — Past Chieftain

Sports Captain. Memories: Prefect,  
mooching, crushes, Elliot Lake, Eh Nerd,  
7.45 B'ball, V'ball, football practices,  
G.E.W., Tweedledum, Cabaret, Garden  
parties with Anne, Nothing, Midnight  
talks, Mod Squad, Toes, Razzberries,  
eternal dieting. Weaknesses: Jujubes,  
older men

"How lucky I am to have known  
somebody or something that saying  
good-bye is so awful "



LAURIE STEIN 1971-1978

MacLean

Prefect of Grade 12 and Com-  
munications. I directed The Mouse trap.  
You mean Murtle? No, it's Higgs I tell  
you 'ah helicopter', no one showed up.  
Gernwich time Mr. Doonwright. No  
Thelma must hem her dress. Give it to  
Liz the other bumblebee, O K ? It's news  
from Nicky. Just J.P. MacC. and Mur  
with the girl in the vurtleneck seater  
named Lur.





JANICE SUAREZ 1976-1978  
Campbell



MAUREEN SULLIVAN 1971-1978  
McLeod

Activities: Sec. Tres. of Beta Kappa, past swim team captain, J.S. Sports Captain, football, competitive gymnastics. Memories: Scatter dodge, Quebec city (bathtub!), social butterflies, Lur and Mur, jujubes, Bishop Cups, last minute synchro routines, Cabaret, Car Rally Champs, Lake Placid — attempting to ski, B.K. exec. meetings.



ROSANNA SUN 1976-1978  
MacGregor

Memories: Midnight chats, early morning photos, Miss Roach's English classes, dinners in Ainslie's kitchen, Mrs. Lloyd as housemother, pulling the fire alarm. "Ideals are like stars. You can never reach them, but they will steer you by."



DALE TAYLOR 1975-1978  
McLeod

Memories: Beta Kappa, formals, art and geography classes, hysterical laughter, gym periods, passing notes, Carol Services, skiing, UCC, new friends Pet Peeves: Construction, math tests. Does anybody know my real name? Nickname: Chip. "The moment is temporary but the memory lasts forever."



WENDY TONG 1976-1978  
MacGregor

"To be human is to accept who I am and to try my best to be a fuller person." With memories of childhood and high school life in my mind, I am now heading towards the big door of adulthood."

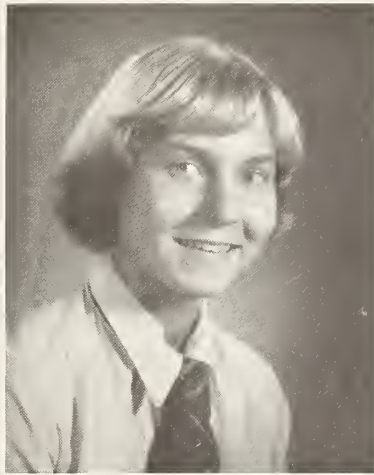


KAREN WATERS 1976-1978

Douglas

"I am what people say you can not do you try and find you can."

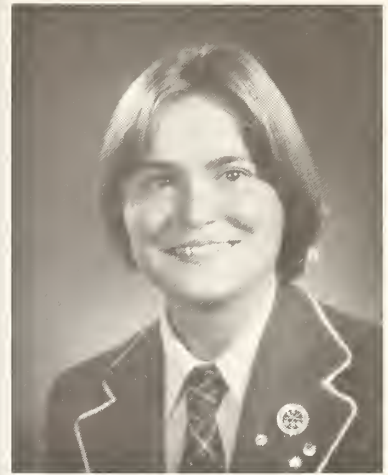
Claim to Fame: Having the most unusual lunches. Ambition: Waters and Reilly Co. Probable Destiny: Reilly and Waters Co. Memories: Playing Hearts at lunch, laughing through "Brian's Song", history with Marshouwer, Are you with me?



HEATHER WILDT 1973-1978

MacGregor — Past Chieftain

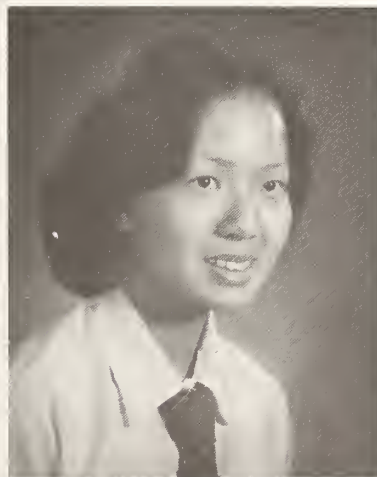
Activities: President 13R1, school teams, class and clan activities. Memories: Elliot Lake, Grade 12 geog., gargoyles, being a turkey at Thanksgiving (and on many other occasions), MacGregorites and Pip! Thanks for the great times, Branksome!



BRIDGET WILEY

McAlpine — Past Chieftain

Head Girl. Activities: Inter and intra school sports, flower and chocolate bar canvasser, debating. Memories: Residence: Rice krispie and water fights, "Alfalfa", trying out for drama and never making it, right Ginny?, losing a shoe in the mud and finishing the race without it, my first make over, good friends and good times. Thanks Branksome, for everything



TERESA WOOD 1975-1978

Scott

"With all its shame, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."



SUSAN WURTZBURG 1971-1978

McAlpine

Past Pres. of Debating Society, Editor of the Slogan. Memories: "Zelda, the loser", being called into Miss Sime's office for a wee chat, being the only person in a uniform on Grub Day, dinner parties before dances (with special reference to Pippa and Nancy), the big purchase, insanity at 2 a.m., "Can you imagine if ..."





# CLASSES

# in the beginning . . . grade 9



R19, Back Row: Patty Skinner, Liz Stuart, Sandra Palmer. Middle Row: Robin Walker, Barbara Mullin, Jean Hardy, Randi Robertson, Nancy Lawson, Andrea Chelbus, Carol Brebner, Mindy Gibson, Robin Howell, Simonetta Lanzi, Susan Escalante, Sharon Poletti, Patricia Reid. Front Row: Kathy Buleychuk, Gwen Baillie, Wendy Lewer, Kathryn Montgomery, Julie Allan, Karen Hurrell, Amanda Worley, Karen Cookson. Absent: Mary Gayner, Kelly Hawke, Tania MacDougall, Catharine Mastin, Kimberley Thomson.





R9, Back Row: Maribeth Read, Patty O'Connor, Rosalind Adams, Pam Hunt, Dana Bett, Sophie Brinkman, Kathy Stinson, Susan Shaw, Judith McClure, Adrienne Lawson. Middle Row: Heidi Levitt, Mary Gayner, Heather Harwood-Nash, Katharina Hickl-Szabo, Sarah Chisholm, Christine Baillie, Carolyn Groom. Front Row: Lise Carroll, Mary Kelton, Maryanne Wurtzburg, Julie Robertson, Andrea Dods, Andrea Mori, Alison Wiley, Nancy Vernon, Jenny Pitman, Susan Taylor. Absent: Anne Louise Genest, Sarah MacCulloch, Rosane Rose.

R11, Back Row: Karen Stilwell, Laurie Bright, Margot Greisman, Ginny Harris, Marilyn Wallace, Kate Trusler, Leslie Catalano, Bubba Lougheed, Aneeta Dayal. Middle Row: Meg McCauley, Nancy Martin, Susan Quaggin, Sheryle Paton, Martha Younger, Maggie O'Brian, Margot Wright, Katheline Pilley. Front Row: Lesley Juniper, Debbie Chambers, Laurie Hrushowy, Mary Morden, Susan Levenstein. Absent: Heather Allen, Charlie Camroux, Trish Heward, Susan Tanenbaum, Julia Baillie, Gillian Mair, Shideh Samandan, Caitlin Lawrence.



one year down,  
four to go . . .  
grade 10



R14, Above Left, Back Row: Cathy Stewart, Joanne Sisam, Sara Jane Mair, Tracy Dalglish. 3rd Row: Lindsay Holland, Kathryn Liptrott, Sarah Ondaatje, Jennifer Gillespie, Andrea Duncan, Kate Wiley. 2nd Row: Rebecca Upjohn, Susan Rideout, Hope Humphrey, Adrienne MacKay, Margot Williams, Carolyn Woolford, Dana King. 1st Row: Madge Barr, Anne Emonson, Lori Gray, Karin Hansen. Absent: Lisa Molle, Sheila Campbell.

R15, Left, Back Row: Fiona Sampson, Maureen Dempsey, Margy MacMillian, Johanna Weinstein, Jill Palmer, Sheila Coulter, Susan Herold, Kathleen Slater. Middle Row: Caroline Graham, Jennifer Griffiths, Kathy Stewart, Ivy Lui. Front Row: Miren Murillo, Frances Birch, Susan Farrow, Stephanie Hornell, Kirsten Munro, Amanda Wooham. Absent: Lisa Hutchins, Catherine Klempa, Donna Wille.



R7, Back Row: Suzanne Toro, Laura Wilson, Zenobia Omarali, Nancy Howsen, Margaret Kemp, Elenora Cunietti, Susie Emery, Bryn MacPherson. Second Row: Janet Cade, Beverly Hicks-Lyne, Anne Whomsley, Christine Grant, Paula Doyle, Susan Le Feuvre. Front Row: Shaheeda Ayob, Cathy Stevenson, Kate Bingham, Janet Hahn, Anne Yendell, Judy MacGowan

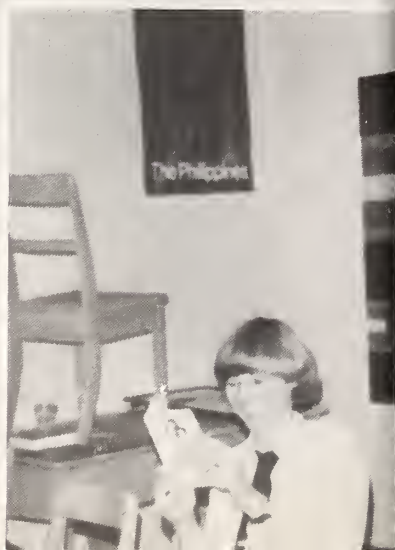
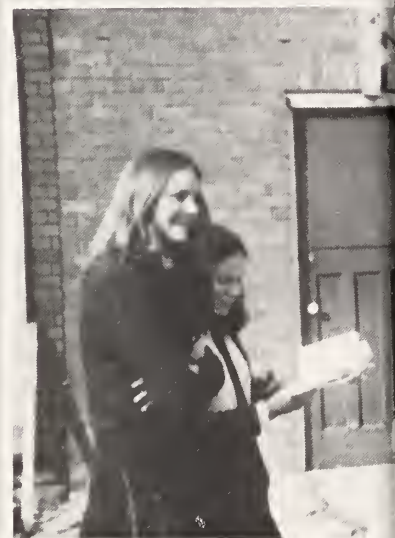


R6, Back Row: Andrea Whiteacre, Iris Sukhera, Katie London, Signy Eaton, Stephanie Crozier, Laurie Gunton, Jane Horner, Jocey Smith, Sheila MacMillan, Victoria Graham, Martha Allan. Front Row: Liz Purcifull, Natalie Buchanan, Catherine Saunders, Cathy Hicks, Bindu Dennis, Liz Joiner, Suzanne Beer. Absent: Sue Gallagher, Jacqueline La Franco, Sharon Minshall, Clare Palmer, Angele Yu

# half-way there . . . grade 11



R18, Back Row: Kate Zeidler, Naomi Laufer, Barb Taylor, Cindy Picov, Debbie Melsom, Carole Grey. Third Row: Grace Bolton, Allison Wild, Lisa Trinchin, Tracey McMillan. Second Row: Liz Welsh, Anne Clements, Meg Sintzel, Julie Ward, Kathy Martin, Monica Dashwood, Joanne Feekery, Alexandra Orr. Front Row: Jill Adams, Elana Meyers, Judith Quinnhill, Anna van Straubenzee, Rosana Ng. Absent: Jane Avery, Kelly Burley, Ann Dunker, Mary Giles, Leslie Gorwill, Judith Hayden, Catherine Le Feuvre, Marla Mori, Virginia Mott, Rosa Perez, Penelope Woolford.





R19, Back Row: Joy Waldie, Nicola Tiede, Liza Fung, Maria Arteta, Suzie Dingwall, Margaret Lawson, Jennifer Gillespie, Vicki Pinnington, Lisa Botrie, Kathryn Campbell. Middle Row: Millie Paupst, Arlene O'Hare, Diana Ferguson, Linda Aird. Front Row: Andrea Hector, Susan Martin, Sheila Buchanan, Liz Welsh, Debbie Melsom, Katie Zeidler, Carole Grey. Absent: Tammy Bannon, Sharon Cooper, Pamela Fair, Linda Fleischman, Elaine Leung, Amaya Murilio, Janet Reeve, Elisa Turner, Sharon Wilkie.

R20, Back Row: Molly Falconer, Jennifer Overbury, Frances Berry, Margaret Gooderham. Middle Row: Susan MacLeod, Barb Wood, Menta Murray, Jane Avery, Susan Drew, Joanne Stinson, Jacqui Atkin. Front Row: Karen Michie, Shenny Poletti, Kristen Wilby, Cynthia Walker, Julia Knight. Absent: Sheila Buchanan, Karen Chisholm, Sarah Cork, Teresa Fischer, Kim Garside, Elizabeth Hardcastle, Elana Mayers, Ann-Lis Palij Ghita, Sally Rigby, Luz Maria Salloa, Estelle Tomson, Jane Turner.



# almost there . . . grade 12



R4, Back Row: Carolyn Hayes, Alison Knapp, Gabby Wallace, Cynthia Duncan, Shelley Wright, Karen Cork. 3rd Row: Lois Greisman, Judy Garay, Anne Howell, Megan Feith, Kathy Lloyd. 2nd Row: May Seeto, Aline Chan, Rebecca McKormack, Wendy Aird, Kathy Sharf, Janet Morris, Muffy McLeod. 1st Row: Christina Wood, Brigitte Duchesne, Theresa Norris, Martha Lynn Hardie, Marianne Reynolds, Stephanie Payne, Ann Yarnell, Jacqui Shycoff. Absent: Billie Brouse, Janide Cooper, Lynda-Jane Davis, Patricia Laski, Sarah Pitman, Janice Suarez.



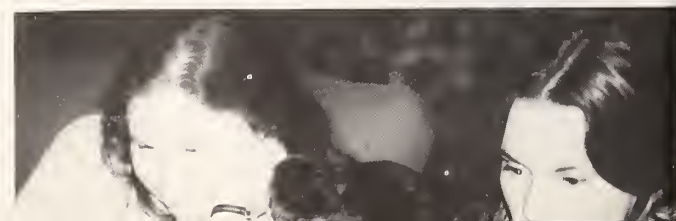


R3, Back Row: Pat Christie, Lavita Nadkarni, Kim Hartill, Cynthia Duncan, Gabby Wallace, Diana Meredith. Middle Row: Kathy Lamb, Valerie Reid, Carol Pierce, Carolyn Coulter, Jenny Timbrell, Suzanne Shamie, Leslie Shooter, Julie Wong, Heather Brechin, Amanda Shultz, Lesley Adamson. Front Row: Catherine McLaren, Alison Hicks-Lyne, Marg Moffat, Janet Hall, Missy Gracey, Janet McBride, Arden Patterson, Ginny Campbell. Absent: Lisa Davies, Marianne Judson, Kathy Lloyd, Maureen Stokes, Shelley Wright.

R5, Back Row: Sue Skinner, Andrea Millar, Denbigh Atack, Beth Woodcock, Robin Purks, Nicole De Verteille, Barb McMillan, Ginny Cooper, Mary Jane Morris, Chris Rukas, Susan Kwan. Front Row: Ann Duncan, Pam Pepper, Sharon Cornell, Carolyn Campbell, Janet Gilbert, Mirabel Palmer, Caroline Helbronner. Absent: Winnie Chan, Maddalena Furbetta, Cathy Grose, Cindy Hughes, Kim McDonald, Jean Shaffer, Lis Shaub, Frances Thorsen, Judy Wilkes.



## THE SELECT FEW WHO REFUSE TO LEAVE BRANKSOME





Boarding begins and ends in tears. Between the two is a way of life unique to boarders. Our real life begins after 3:20, for between the pillow fights and great escapes arise lifelong friendships.

It's been a great year with house activities! kitchen raids, mice eaten slippers and dancing queens. But who could forget our communal cry at "Brian's Song"?

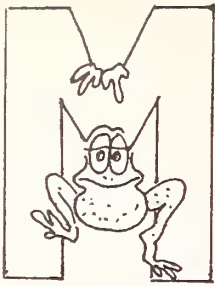
Thank you all for a lifetime of memories.  
Debbie







# JUNIOR SCHOOL



iss



r  
o  
u  
g  
h



staff

# hop to it



Branksome spirit "don't" come in a bottle.  
When we want more we just put on the throttle.  
All our teams have done really well,  
And our gym teacher, Miss Tropea, is just swell.

Liz



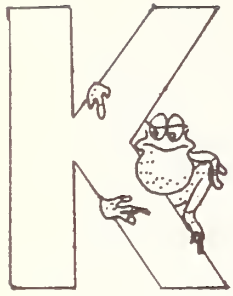
## -NEWS FLASH-

The school year 1977-78 is declared a success. The spirit rose to a record high and never dropped. Miss Tropea, Miss Scotland and Miss Moon made dynamic debuts here. Prayers with hymn books, lunch hours with various encounters of some kind, pizza dinners (with Norma?) and other moments sparked up the days.

I had a terrific year. Thank you, Miss Brough, Miss Tropea, Liz, Chieftains, Subs, and everyone for making it a success.

Love ya, The Green Panther  
alias Pippa





# Kindergarten



Back Row Virginia Williamson, Tammy Kerbel, Miss Seixas, Anna Bentley-Taylor, Samantha McLaren, Jason Aitken, Keith Finley, Mrs. Upjohn Front Row Sacha Powell, Jessica Goldberg, Lara McClelland, Johanna Moise, Jennifer Griffiths, Wendy Atkin, Alison Smith, Jenny Kerbel, Noelle Man Absent Amanda Hopkins



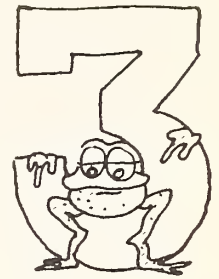
Back Row Dominic Doull, Kevin Warren, Donna Lyons, Kenlock Walters, Chris Moise Front Row Marlene Silverberg, Alana Smith, Vanessa Avruskin, Michelle Fortnum, Yasmin Abdullah



grades



and

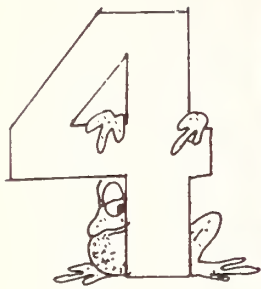


fall  
 I so like the fall  
 cause I can bury my doll  
 in the leaves that fall  
 Pippa and  
 Aida

Back Row: Daniel Eldridge, Catherine McCormick, Denise Finlay, Sabrina Burdass, Becky Adamson, Heather Cartwright, Kerry Eagleson, Gigi Worts, Pippa Aird, Anne Roe, Laurel Ann Fielden, Michael Ross. Front Row: Jenny Karsh, Tracey Bochner, Meghan Jones, Lisa Collins, Jennifer Kellie, Sarah Garrow, Catherine Moore, Shalini Patej, Jennifer Griffiths, Mairi Ann Padmore, Jennifer Kells. Absent: Fatima Ali, Hajera Ali



grade



Back Row Monica Mejia, Brenda Molle, Gayani Fernando, Lisa Gelmas, Deedee Poulton, Stephanie Scott, Becky Moore, Shelley Burdass Front Row Jenny Law, Valerie Helbronner, Mrs. Peters, Jenny Wild, Elizabeth Allingham

## THE SHELL

grade



## WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do  
If an elephant walked up to you,  
Looked at your face  
And said, "What a disgrace",  
Looked at your toes  
And he held up his nose,  
Looked at your legs  
And said, "They're like pegs",  
Looked at your body  
And then at your head  
And said in a gasp,  
"I think I'll drop dead!"?

Victoria Jackman  
5r5

Spikey, delicate, bumpy, ridgy,  
Twisty, twirly is nature's art.  
Brown, white, smooth, and pretty  
Is the shell that reminds me  
of the sea.

Elizabeth Allingham  
Grade 4



Back Row: Patricia Fleming, Rosalind Glasspool, Margaret MacDonald, Amy Hathaway, Sarah Eyton, Lynda Johnson, Michelle Kromer, Martha Morden, Meredith Orloff, Mary MacLachlan. Middle Row: Christina Scott, Jennifer Cunietti, Mary Cork, Dana Warren, Christine Vander Dussen, Cynthia Mitchell, Lisa Clark, Jennifer Patchett, Mary-Ann Rapanes. Front Row: Ilana Rosen, Heather O'Connor, Abigail Shorter, Katherine Weatherill, Victoria Jackman.



Oh, we're going out to sea  
To catch a mighty whale.  
I hope the weather's fine,  
And that we don't have a gale.

So pack up all your trunks  
And climb aboard the boat.  
Let's hope, with all this cargo  
That the boat will keep afloat.

The sea was very calm  
And nothing was in sight,  
Then, "Oh, I see a whale!  
Row with all your might!"

As we neared the whale,  
We marvelled at its size.  
Then it looked up at us  
With its two beady eyes.

"Well, don't stand there looking at it!  
Land that mighty beast!"  
So we landed the whale  
And steered towards the East.

When we got back home  
We showed off what we had found  
And in no time, we became  
The most popular men around.

Catriona Padmore  
6r2

## DAYS

Mondays, Tuesday, mixed up days.  
One day becomes a week,  
And a week becomes a month.  
O! On and on forever!

Jessica Spence-Sales  
6r2



## grade



## NIGHT HAS COME

I love the moon,  
the stars, the sun;  
They bring me light,  
darkness and fun.  
When the bright sun  
goes down  
The moon creeps up ...  
... Night has come!

Susan Higgins  
Grade 6

Back Row: Beth Rush, Jane Matthews, Cathy Fairbank, Catherine Needham, Susan O'Connor, Jennifer McNab, Stephanie Buchanan, Diana Goldie, Cynthia Swinden, Beth Endean, Paige Cowan, Susan Higgins, Tiffany Lacey. Middle Row: Linda Wrigley, Ameeta Thatcher, Pamela Vallance, Lenore Willie, Vicki Walker, Cathy Adams, Mary Lissaman, Catriona Padmore, Heidi Ambrose, Stacy Costa, Lisa Halyk. Front: Tory Wilgar, Jessica Spence-Sales



grade



7R8, Back Row Emily Stephenson, Jennifer Yoon, Heather Montgomery, Sheena Lennox, Kimberly Joseph, Jane Palmer, Alison Tasker, Mary Ray Middle Row Michelle Lewis, Charlotte Alexandor, Cynthia Goodchild, Ruth Beatty, Barbara Legge, Cynthia Hathaway Front Row: Anne Sainthill, Mary Doran, Laura McElwain, Mary Jane Wither, Marcia Hartill, Colleen Doyle, Jennifer Geddes, Leslie Potts. Absent: Alison Helbronner, Elizabeth Hane



7R9, Back Row Mrs Iggulden, Margot Barefoot, Isobel Calvin, Jennifer Fitzgerald, Megan Johnston, Kathy Roberts Second Row Heidi Evans, Pam Smith, Jennifer Huycke, Laura Loewen, Wendy Wilson, Claudia Perez. Left Column Meg Tytler, Tine Tse, Tessa Grifon, Cynthia Higgins, Jill Wigle, Andrea Ryder Right Column: Kyle Carmichael, Lorelei Graham, Heather Fleming, Susan McMaster, Ellen Miller, Sharon Barclay Front. Suzy Lawson



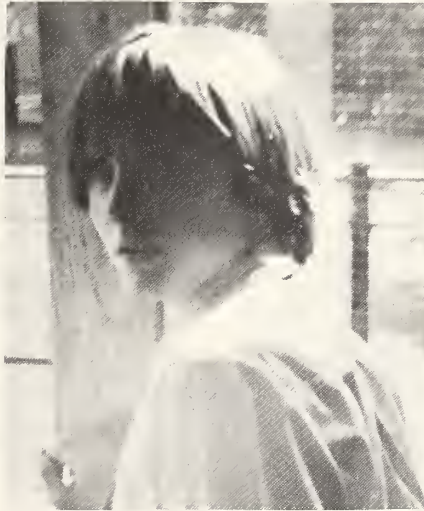
Megan Johnston  
7R9.

There was a young fellow named Frank,  
Who went for a swim in a tank.  
The water was cold,  
But Frank was quite bold.  
He came out looking rather . . . blank.

Alison Helbronner  
7R8



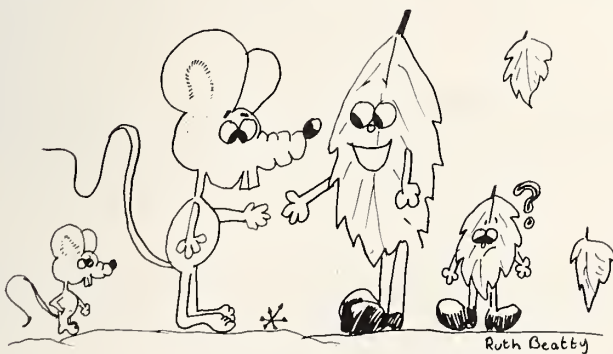
7R10, Back Row: Karen Vanderdussen, Mariann Lawrie, Priscilla Heffernen, Dianne Daminoff, Diane McNeill, Victoria Peters, Karen Mooney, Sally Pitfield, Sheila Ross. Middle Row: Catherine Temelcoff, Stephanie Shorter, Cheryl Sasveld, Jill Dinkin, Gayle Matthews, Sarah Wiley, Michaela Mathiers, Lisa Fischel, Wendy Bruce. Front Row: Dahne Sloane, Alison Ground, Darcy Bett, Diana Blaikie.



### SAILING

Sails flapping in air,  
Skimming along the water,  
So smooth and silent.

Isobel Calven  
7r9



The snow was deep one winter's night.  
The moon was round and the stars shone bright.  
Up and down the meadow's snow,  
Ran the animals with no heed of foe.  
In the field there shone a light  
Where animals gathered with eyes all bright.  
Where the moon was round and the stars shone bright,  
The animals played one Christmas night.

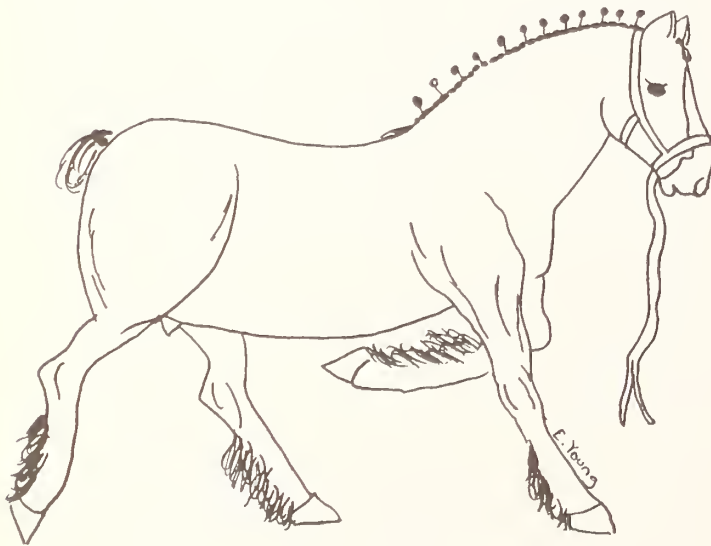
Laura Loewen  
7r9

grade



8R3, Back Row Suzanne Chlebus, Michele Goodman, Jennifer Ryder, Pam vanStraubenzee,

Emily Fells, Sloane Swanson, Elizabeth Young. Middle Row: Mary Litherland, Lisa O'Brian, Cassandra Roncarelli, Leslie Minshall, Shiona MacKenzie, Margaret Berrett, Elizabeth Tinker, Alexandra Tomson, Chritel Helwig, Linda Schabereiter, Mary Day, Julie Zacher. Front Row: Silvie Zakuta, Roberta Joiner, Elisabeth Newman, Kathleen McCombe. Absent: Anjali Dayal, Tania Costa



#### PEACE

Silent . . .  
but not for long.  
Here comes noise . . .

Jill Curtis  
8R4

#### HAIKU

The world of darkness  
Is a beautiful kingdom  
Flooded with moonlight.

Jennifer Thompson  
8r4



#### THE EVERLASTING FRIENDSHIP

There they sit together  
They are friends,  
Best friends.

They share the same ideas and hopes,  
This friendship they have for one  
another is like a force pulling  
them together,  
Or a rope holding them and the two  
not minding.

But now the switch is pulled down  
and the force goes off and the  
rope is untied;

One of them has to leave,  
There is sorrow,  
But they will meet again.  
They are friends,  
Best friends.

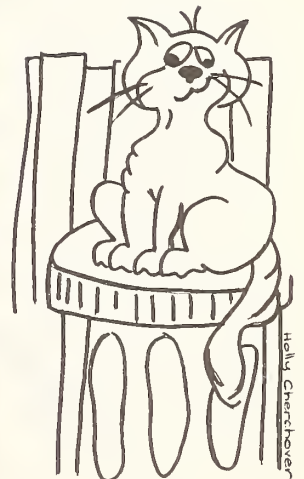
Lisa Sharpe  
8r4



8R4, Back Row: Barbara Ward, Kathryn Hurrell, Christine Czasch, Martha Fell, Lesley Crang. 3rd Row: Maggie Hermant, Michelle Ballentine, Laurie Abel, Lisa Sharpe, Carolyn Douglas, Judy McLeish. 2nd Row: Janet Ondaatje, Cari Cagan, Mary Bartlett, Kelly White, Diane Ball, Jennifer Thompson, Wendy Lawes, Catherine Herridge, Jill Curtis. Front Row: Anne Barnard, Susan Garay, Adrienne Clarke, Erika Ness, Beth Morrison. Absent: Sara-June Davey, Elizabeth Wall.



8R7, Back Row: Lori Herring, Terri Parker, Jody Kayser. Middle Row: Stephanie Churcher, Vanessa Laufer, Susan Sheridan, Carol Stewart, Holly Chercover, Pamela Taylor, Katherine Corbett, Martha Wilson, Janice Loudon, Sarah Dinnick, Jill Fowler, Julia Weinstein, Susan Morris, Virginia Kent, Stephanie Toro. Front Row: Meredith Cartwright, Jennifer Scace, Barbara Inksater, Pamela Adshade, Katherine Larane, Julie Cowan, Wendy Buchanan







# ARTS

## A SMALL GROUP WISHING POEM

I wish my bed was big and soft  
Like floating on a cloud,  
And the clouds were pink  
And white and green and orange;  
I wish that dogs went meow  
And cats went bow-wow;  
I wish that horses went moo  
And cows went neigh;  
I wish Meghan and me were sisters  
And Meghan lived with me;  
I wish I had some pets,  
And I wish I had some flowers too.

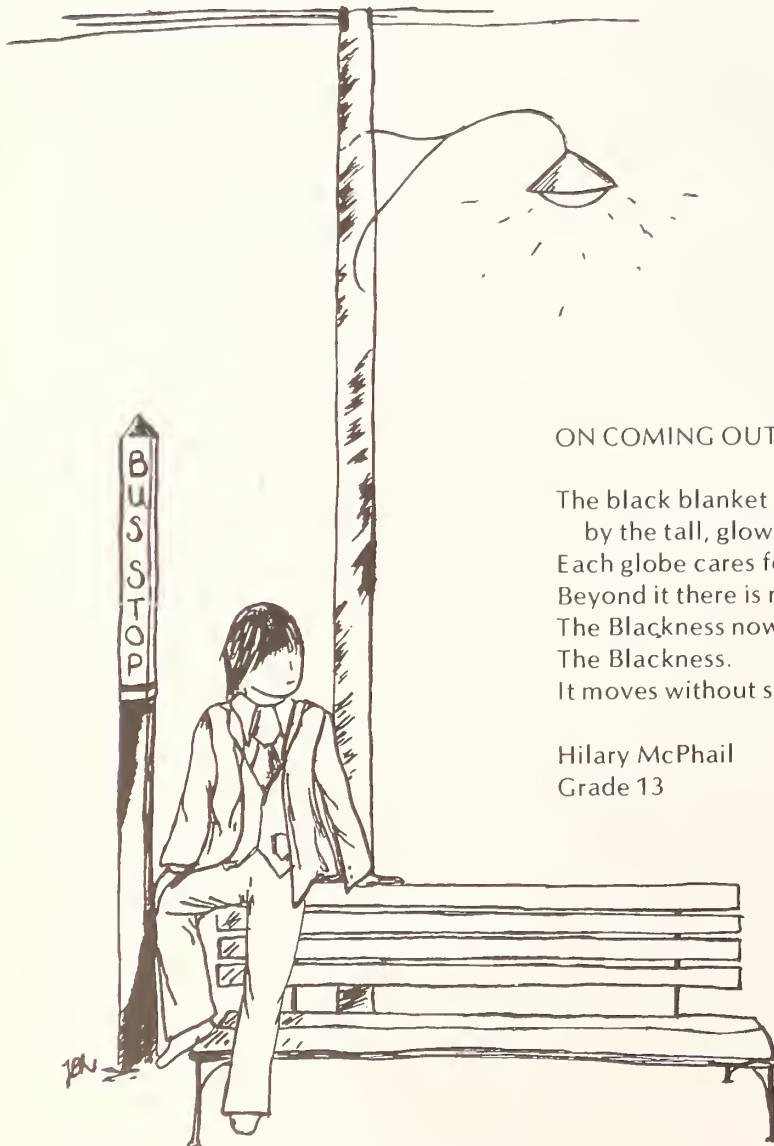
Grades 2 and 3

We are apart.  
I am here,  
He is there,  
I must remember.

The clouds of love  
Have drifted by —  
Slowly at first,  
And now — ever so painfully.  
I am blinded,  
have been hurt,  
am suffering,  
am being seduced  
By a wintry chill.

We are apart.  
I am here,  
He has gone,  
I must forget.

Cynthia Skelton  
Grade 13



## ON COMING OUT OF THE SUBWAY LATE ONE NIGHT

The black blanket now covers everything unprotected  
by the tall, glowing globes.  
Each globe cares for its own little space.  
Beyond it there is nothing.  
The Blackness now controls.  
The Blackness.  
It moves without sound or visible motion, yet so quickly.

Hilary McPhail  
Grade 13



All things come to an end  
Sometime.  
Or, so we are told.  
Like the icicle which builds up its strength  
    through the winds and snows of winter,  
Solid. Immovable.  
Yet, it begins to melt with the warm rays of  
    the spring sun.  
No. The icicle will not die, but it will live on;  
Perhaps in a trout-swarming river  
Or some silent pond where wild geese will taste  
    the cool water,  
And be refreshed.

Bridget Wiley  
Grade 13

## AFTERNOON OF A FAUN

Above the drone of Miss Whimpers' voice the strains of a woodwind instrument were audible; at least, they were to Diane. But then again, one's thoughts were apt to wander in one of Miss Whimpers' classes, with the express purpose of drowning out the insipid whine she used as a voice.

When you're sixteen and eager to experience life, school, and Miss Whimpers in particular, can act as a catalyst to the destruction of aspirations rather than a catapult to success. That was Diane. She had always found it rather ironic that while most people marched to the tunes of assorted drummers, she waltzed to a flautist's fantasia; the only difference between the two was that Diane's Piper was tangible.

It frightened her when she directed her thoughts towards him. He had begun haunting her life only two months ago, making her restless and aware of her exciting life, a situation both strange and uncomfortable to her. He scared her, this pubescent Pan.

He had appeared, as now, during one of Miss Whimpers' orations. Since then, the Piper had tampered with her life as a composer does with his music: adding a few sharps, flats, and notes to it to give the music unexpected turns and twists.

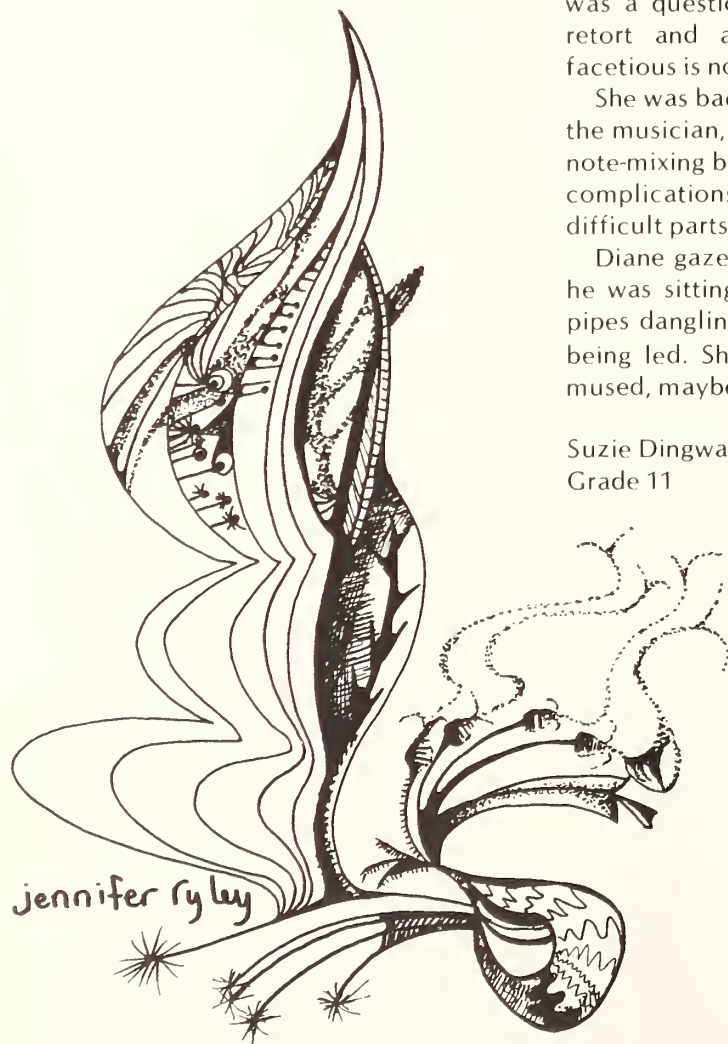
Often, she reflected wryly, his tune was slightly off-key; it sounded like the loud protest of a tyre as it is blasted against the pavement. The Piper's tin ear had led her into joining a Hare Krishna sect and later working as a dye technician in a beauty salon over a delicatessen. The former had been tedious; the latter, though perhaps more colourful, also served to drive Diane back to school. Her catapult had failed.

A slight crescendo in Miss Whimpers' whine brought Diane back to present-day with the realization that there was a question being directed at her. She bit back a retort and answered properly and dutifully; being facetious is not being a good student.

She was back at school after all the side-stepping. Like the musician, she had found that you have to do a lot of note-mixing before achieving the perfect chord, and that complications often lead to simplifications of the most difficult parts.

Diane gazed upwards. The Piper was no long playing; he was sitting in a corner, his head tilted to one side, pipes dangling from his hand, listening, not leading but being led. She began her homework. Who knows, she mused, maybe this time we'll reach high C.

Suzie Dingwall  
Grade 11



The August moon had risen earlier than usual that night, and it shone with great brilliance in the clear, dark, night sky. It cast a shimmering light on the still water and it played on the backs of the tiny, black water spiders as they skimmed across the smooth surface. The night air was warm and heavy, and only the soft sound of chirping crickets seemed to lighten the heaviness of the silence and the darkness of the empty night.

The dark shadow of a tall, slender figure sat on the edge of the dock; her delicate feet dangled in the cool water. Her body appeared quiet and relaxed.

Presently, she picked up a small, flat stone and skimmed it across the water. It skipped twice and then landed with a "plop", creating a miniature explosion of concentric circles. Each circle crawled slowly along the surface of the water until it reached the shore. Then it melted back into the deep, dark blue.

There was silence again.

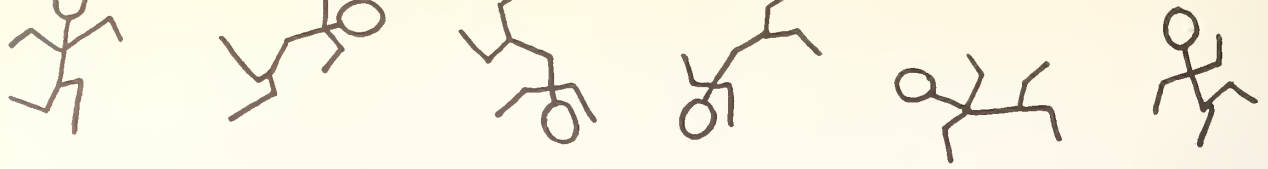
Cathy LeFeuvre  
Grade 11

As it nears, the scene changes drastically. Effort replaces effortlessness. Crewmen anxiously await their commands. The captain looks out for any change of wind or wave. He begins to spin the wheel. It is a tense moment. Crisp orders sound everywhere. "Haul away!" Crewmen strain and grunt, heaving, horsing and hauling in the sheets at their quickest, ducking the speeding blocks as they whiz over from port to starboard. Each man tries to keep his balance on the tossing deck. "Loosen this. Haul in that." Everything is measured with the utmost precision. The sails are trimmed. The captain strains to keep her on a straight course. All sailors are busy coiling the snaking sheets lying about the deck. They are ready to repeat the procedure, tack after tack, jibe after jibe. The flow of commands never seems to stop.

Now the ship has passed and melts smaller, hazily blending into the sunset. It is, once again, a silent, effortless and graceful Brigantine.

Sheila MacMillan  
Grade 10





# A Time To Imagine \* \* \*

## EARLY MEMORIES\*

Sometimes it is cool outside so we have to go in. That is in the evening. Other times we like the cool, and that is what we want to be, when it is hot. At night "cool" is a bad word, but in the day it changes back into a good thing to be.

When it gets cool out, it sometimes rains. Rain isn't a good thing. Once after I ate my dinner it rained very hard. I played with my car in the living room. Daddy said the rain was coming in the front door, so Mommy put towels along the bottom. She told me they would stop the rain, but still I thought that if the rain got lots of drops together it would be very strong and push in through the door, so I sat on the fireplace wall with my car. In the morning the rain filled the ditches along the road. Some boys wore their bathing suits and got in the ditches to swim. Mommy said it was dirty but I walked in the ditches anyway.

If the rain is very bad it brings thumber-lights with it. They happen when the clouds bump together and make big crashes. If you run fast you can get home before the thumber-lights get you.

Once the rain was nice to me. I was at my friend's house. I had to go home but her mommy said I should wait 'cause the rain was too hard. I had to wait 'till it was softer. I put my coat on. When I was ready to go the rain stopped. After I got home it started again. That was nice for the rain to do.

Jill MacCulloch  
Grade 13

\*Inspired by reading the first chapter of A POR-  
TRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.



### THE MIGHTY RAILROAD

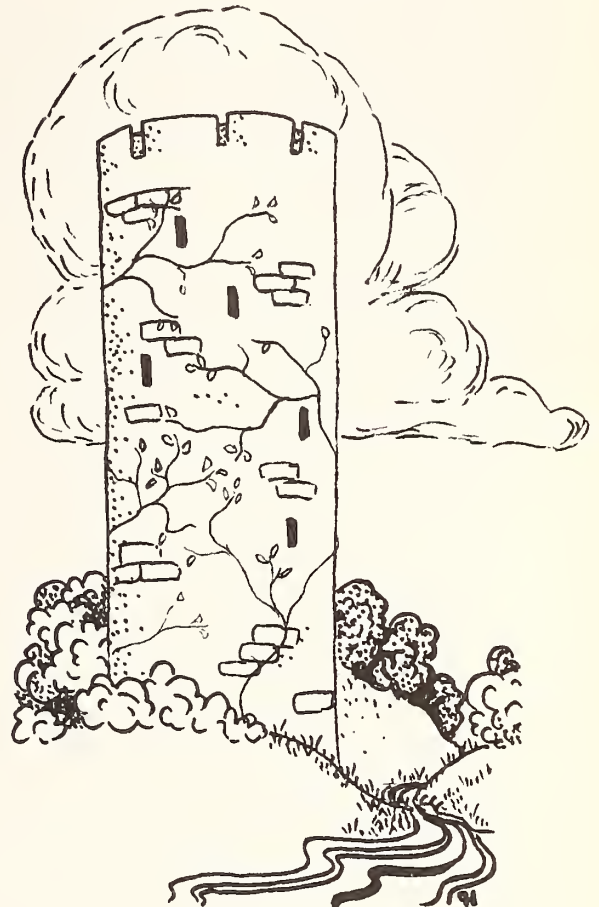
Billy Campbell worked on the mighty railroad,  
He could hammer a stake ten feet in the ground.  
With just a single blow he was stronger than most,  
And never did boast of his mighty strength.

Then a new machine came that was twice as strong  
As mighty Billy Campbell himself.  
He felt the challenge and took the machine on  
The next morning at dawn.

When dawn came 'round they started pounding away,  
The sweat did drip from his mighty forehead.  
The machine did not give in or quit for a sec',  
It hammered as fast as Billy Campbell.

By three o'clock Billy Campbell  
Was almost dead with fatigue.  
The machine gave in, it was over-heated,  
Billy Campbell had won his victory.

Catherine Herridge  
Grade 8



### THE MARTELLO TOWER

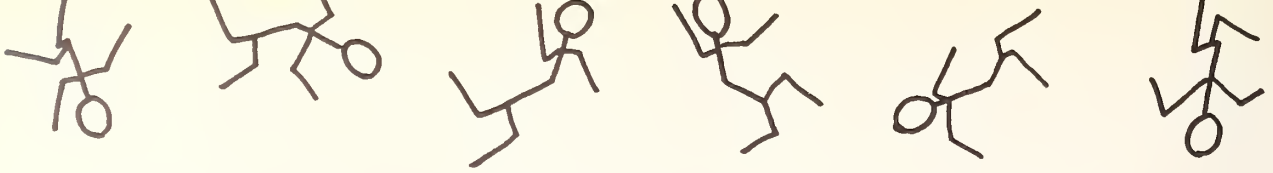
The wind swept over the uncut grass of the Plains of Abraham. The air whistled in your ears as if it were trying to tell you a long forgotten secret, and the sorrow of the battle which was fought here decades ago.

On the edge of the Plain was the view of the St. Lawrence River. On one high bank stood a long forgotten tower. The old cone-shaped tower was once a lookout post which was built by the British, after their defeat of the French. The name of the tower is the Martello Tower.

The tower stood in the oncoming wind. Years ago stones had fallen from the tower's side, and the wind came blowing through its hollow interior. The tower stood by the river with the treacherous cliffs below it.

No one really knows the tower's history. The key has been lost in the wind, and its secrets have gone with it.

Laura Loewen  
Grade 7



## RIBBIT'S STORY

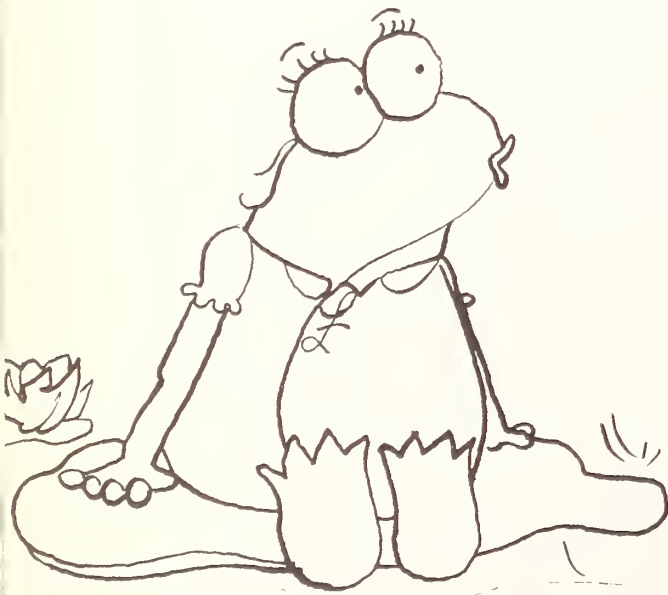
Do you know Ribbit?

"Of course," you'll say. "He's our mascot, the jolly green frog."

Have you ever wondered how he came to be at Branksome? I wondered just this, and put the question to many. But no one seemed to know the full story. Then someone suggested to me, "Why not ask Ribbit himself?" Well, this proved to be a very good idea as he was most willing to share his fascinating story with me.

It began this way . . .

"One day, not so very long ago, I was born in the bonny Highlands of Scotland in a lowland area, if you'll pardon the expression. By lowland area I mean a pond. As a wee fellow I had happy times swimming and hopping in our pond with my friends. Their names were Ferdinand, Fred, and Fiona. We also went to school together and learned how to count lily pad blossoms and read books made of leaves. But the highlight of our day was doing the Highland Fling. How carefree we felt, lightly hopping up and down with the windy salt air gently blowing our olive green kilts of the McFrog Tartan.

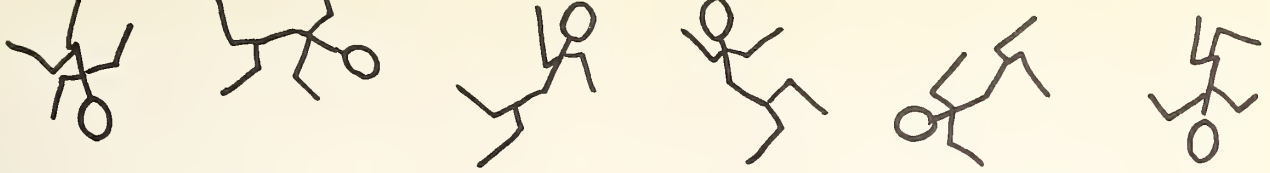


*Fiona and Ribbit*



Every Saturday, Ferdinand, Fred, Fiona, and I had a jolly time going for our Highland Fling dancing lesson. Hopping along from stone to stone, we would make our way along the shore, laughing gaily as we went.

On the afternoon of the Spring Dancing Recital everyone was excited. We were going to dance in front of almost all of McPond Town! The sun shone brightly, the new lily pad chairs for the audience were very comfortable, and the piper who accompanied our dancing had brought his largest and most melodius set of bagpipes for the occasion. It promised to be a perfect day.



But perfect it was not to be. For in the excitement of preparing for the dancing show I tore my kilt! It wasn't just a little tear. No, quite the contrary; the whole lower half had separated from the upper half and was hanging by just a few threads. Whatever was I going to do? Well, as you may know, sometimes when you need an idea in a hurry it's slower coming than when you're not in a hurry.

I clutched my poor kilt and hopped along to where my class was gathering near the stage. I moved as quickly as I could so no one would notice my kilt.

It was then that an idea came to me! Why not quietly hop into one of the bagpiper's numerous pipes and hide there until the performance was over? I hopped on one of the slender columns of wood which stood up on the bagpipes. Then I positioned myself comfortably in the tube. I was just congratulating myself on my marvellous hiding place when I heard the piper take a big breath before beginning to play. All of a sudden I had the strange sensation of rising upward!

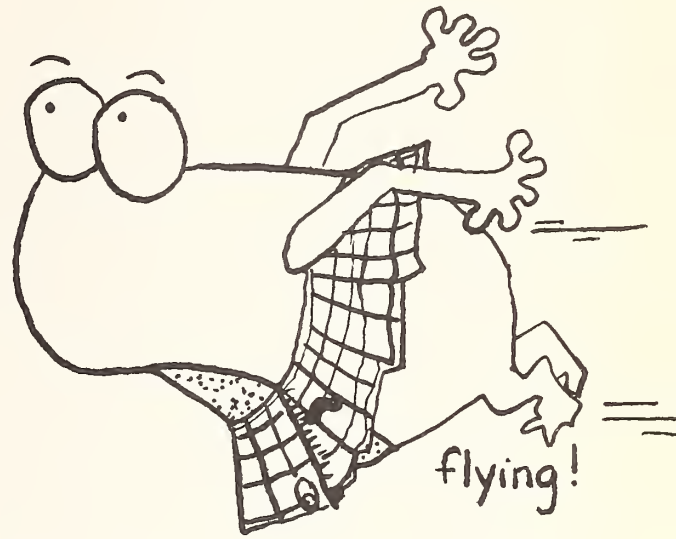
Up and up I went out of the pipe and then I was skimming over the heads in the audience. It was not long before they were just a dot in the distance as I gathered speed and gained altitude. It seemed as if I were a roller coaster, ferris wheel and swing, all at the same time — the air currents were so playful. Just ahead of me loomed a huge pond with the words "Atlantic Ocean" printed neatly on it.

While whizzing through the air I dozed and soon slept soundly. While I slept my hand let go of the kilt and the air funnelled through the massive hole, allowing me to float gently to the ground.

And can you guess where I awoke? Yes, that's it. Right here at Branksome beside the textile lab windows. When those kind-hearted seamstresses saw me sitting on the snow, they rushed over, opened the window, and I hopped in. No sooner was I in the room when tape measures encircled me and in no time they had made me a suit. It's the green one of the most generous proportions you see me in today.

I wear this comfortable outfit all year at school. But in the summer I take it off and head for a cool pond. There I teach the Highland Fling to anyone who would like to learn. If you look carefully near the shore in summer you may see a frog hopping in a rhythmic way and you'll know we're practising — perhaps for our annual recital!

Trish Parker  
Grade 13



## Grandfather

The grandchildren sat quietly around his bed. His daughter-in-law stood by his side, as if on guard, chattering aimlessly about the picnic they had been at last Sunday. He wondered where the little one was, but then remembered the hospital rule about youngsters.

"Do say hello to young Ian for me." He realized that he had interrupted the picnic story.

"I'll remember to, Grandad." That was his granddaughter Patricia. She was going to be very pretty in a few years.

"Well," said the daughter-in-law, "we really must be going. Perhaps James will be in to see you later tonight."

James, that was his daughter-in-law's husband, or was it James, his son? Ah, yes, he remembered now, James was his son, but he had married his daughter-in-law. They were husband and wife and they had his grandchildren. Yes, it was perfectly clear. He stopped thinking about it.

The room was silent, but the hospital was noisy. Oh, they had all left. That was why the room was quiet. He was the only one there. A nurse rushed by his open door. Two more people passed, going in the opposite direction. They were so many people out there, all going somewhere. He was doing nothing, absolutely nothing. The world was whirling by him, but he was no longer a part of it. He thought of his youth, when it had seemed to him that the world would stop if he wanted it to. He had thought about how it would be when he was older. He was going to become powerful, rich and famous. Well here he was, more "older" than he had ever imagined, but power, fortune and fame had somehow escaped him. His youth had been filled with dreams of what was to be. Now his days were spent dreaming of what was. It would make no difference to anyone, except maybe his family, if he were dead right now. The doctor would be angry if he heard him talk that way.

"Well Mr. M., you're doing just fine. I'll be in again tomorrow morning."

He wondered what the doctor meant by "doing fine". Maybe he was talking about still being alive. The son and daughter-in-law probably knew just how "fine" he was doing, the grandchildren too, even the littlest one. He was sure they all knew the meaning of "fine". In fact he knew it himself. He wasn't getting better, ever. Life was like a huge hill. It took a lot of time and sweat to get to the top, but once you were there, the only way to go was down. Well he was on his way down. It was just like when he was little, riding his bicycle with his feet off the pedals. He had lost control. His speed of descent was rapidly increasing. They all knew it and he knew it too.

"... tomorrow evening." Oh, that was James, he had just finished talking. Really, his mind had been wandering. Poor James, what did he think? He could hear him when he got home to his wife... "Well, I'm sure it won't be too much longer. The whole time I was there he was in a daze. I don't think he even noticed me." That was true. James wouldn't be lying, but it would be so much nicer if he said "Grandad sends you his love" or "He said he's looking forward to seeing you tomorrow." Oh well, that was in the past; it couldn't be helped. In fact, his whole life was in the past. It wasn't going to go anywhere. Here he was and here it would end. But when, and what exactly would happen?

Continues . . .



Maybe tonight when he was asleep his heart would stop. He would never wake up. That would be all right, a nice way to go. Yes, it was decided then — he'd die in his sleep, quietly and peacefully.

It happened at that moment. His heart leapt and a yell resounded off the bare hospital walls. A nurse rushed in, followed by a doctor. What was it? Had he screamed? He wasn't sure but they seemed to think so. A huge complicated machine appeared in the doorway, pulling a pretty nurse behind it. It wasn't fair; this wasn't what he had decided.

All sorts of things were happening now. Nurses and doctors and machines and noises. The sounds grew and grew until finally they exploded. He had reached the very bottom of his hill. What next?

His room was silent once more.

Jill MacCulloch  
Grade 13

This short story won honourable mention in the Canada Permanent Trust Company Creative Writing Contest.



Ce qui brille  
 Nous rend aveugle  
 Ce que nous ne comprenons pas  
 Nous stupéfie  
 Ce qui nous réchauffe  
 Nous rend heureux.  
 C'est un être, une solide,  
 Un grand feu.  
 C'est celui qui nous rend petit, minuscule  
 Et quelquefois peureux.  
 Là, au loin  
 Dans l'extrémité éternelle  
 Se trouve un être  
 Qui nous réchauffe  
 Le cœur.  
 Qui réchauffe l'âme  
 Et l'espoir.  
 Là, se trouve le soleil,  
 Là, se trouve le Tout-Puissant.

Jennifer Timbrell  
 Grade 12



The girl walks through the puddle and giggles with delight,  
 The mother walks around it and frowns.

She is so carefree the mother thinks,  
 Without thoughts of keeping her clothes clean.  
 When she runs her hair gets tangled.  
 Her coat is always unbuttoned in cold weather;  
 She feels free to take off her shirt if she is too warm  
 in the summer sun.

She tells the neighbours everything about their home life;  
 The mother frowns.  
 She does not worry about what others think  
 Or of what they say behind her back;  
 She is never embarrassed or confined by society's rules.  
 A pity, the mother thinks, glancing at her daughter,  
 That she will soon grow up.

They walk through the next puddle together — and they both giggle.

Nancy Hutchins  
 Grade 13



## 1977 JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE ESSAY

### I Won the Million

I won the million! I still cannot believe it.

The year is 1938 and the month is April. I live near a small country town called Shallow Lake which is in Manitoba. Our farm is called Split Creek Farm and my pa is a farmer. My ma does the odd bit of dressmaking for ladies near by. On our farm we have one hundred beef cows. I always have to do my part around the farm. I wash the dishes, help cook, and draw water from the well twice a day. For my work I receive an allowance of five cents a week. With my money I buy my Christmas and birthday presents. Sometimes I even have money left to buy a one cent peppermint stick.

One cheerful bright sunny day I walked through Shallow Lake on my way to school. I felt as if I had not one care in the world and I just let my braids swing freely in the balmy weather. As I passed the Shallow Lake General Store I noticed something new in its show window. It was like a flowing mass of colour with every shade in the rainbow. I stepped closer and the brilliant colours transformed into thousands upon thousands of tiny jelly beans. I stood spellbound. When I had returned to my senses I noticed a sign hanging on the window which read as follows, 'Guess how many for only a penny. Jelly Bean Contest Grand Draw April 30, 1938.

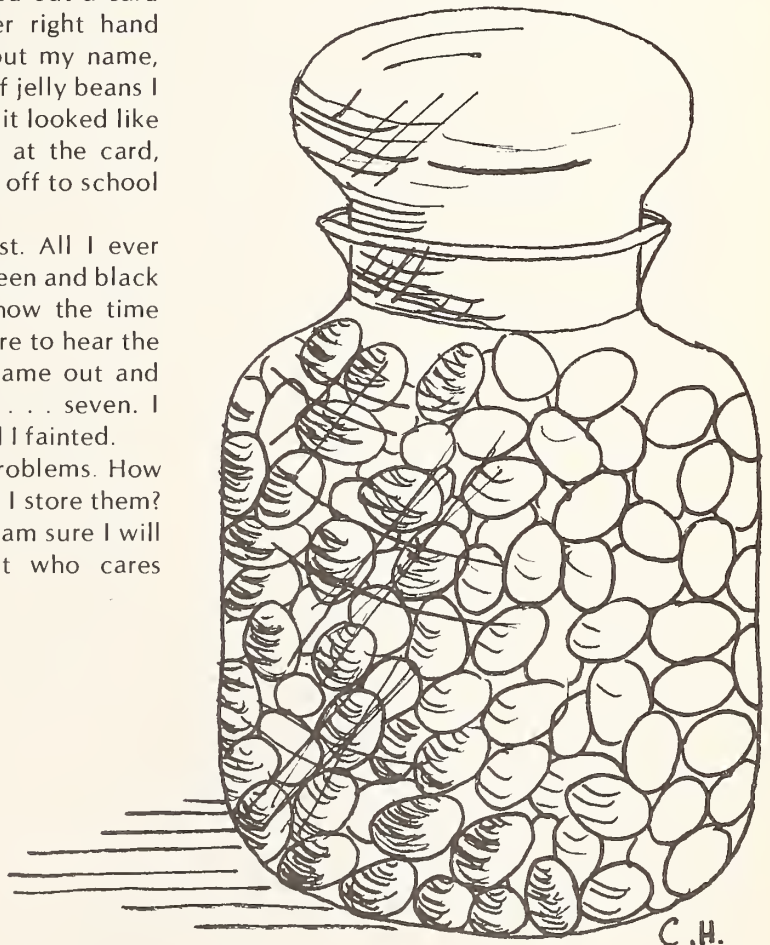
I remembered that I had a penny in my pocket that I was going to use to purchase some liquorice with after school, but this deal was far better. I ran up the store's old wooden steps and in the door. Mr. Hooper, the store owner, came from behind a table to see what I wanted. I told him I had a penny and wished to enter the contest. I filled out a card which had the number seven on the upper right hand corner. Seven is my lucky number. I filled out my name, Anne Douglas, my age, ten, and the number of jelly beans I thought there were. I wrote 1,000,000 because it looked like there were that many. I took a last glance at the card, dropped it in the box, paid my penny and ran off to school because it was getting late.

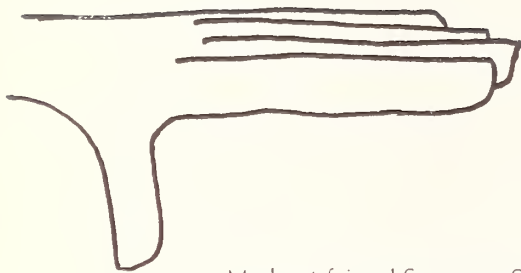
I could not keep my mind off the contest. All I ever thought about was red, yellow, white, blue, green and black jelly beans. I do not know how, but somehow the time passed on and it was April 30. I ran to the store to hear the winning number. At 4:00 p.m. Mr. Hooper came out and drew the winning ticket. He yelled number . . . seven. I screamed, I yelled, I lost control of myself and I fainted.

When I came to, I was faced with three problems. How would I transport the jelly beans? How would I store them? And finally, how would I ever eat them all? I am sure I will find three logical answers eventually, but who cares because I won the million!

Ginny Harris  
Grade 8

Written under examination conditions.





## MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend Suzanne Seigel had a haunting effect on my childhood. "Come on, Robin. Why won't you climb the tree so we can have our picnic? Dr. Pellow is gone, so he can't catch us."

I didn't feel well as I looked up at that massive tree. Suzanne didn't help matters. All she did while perched up on the highest branch was stare down at me as if to say, "Robin is a scaredy cat". I was.

I was also a "scaredy cat" when it came to those funny tests.

That was the year the grade two class was to be split up into the advanced class who would do grades two and three in one year and those who would "climb the ladder step by step". It was a bright sunny day. The teachers had us line up. Names were called for those to step into the line facing me. Suzanne's name was sixth on the list. All I could see were her eyes gleaming in the bright sunlight.

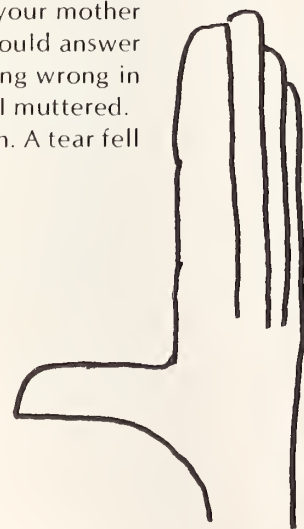
I knew why those names were called. It was those funny tests Mrs. Attwell told us not to worry about. The tests confused me with all those "baby" circles we had to colour in. Finally recess came and no more circles. I didn't feel well. As I walked out the junior door, Suzanne screeched, "Robin, Mom said you could come over after school for milk and cookies. Oh year, we'll go riding on my new bicycle too".

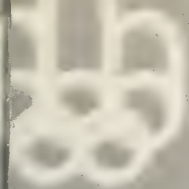
I guess Suzanne forgot. I didn't know how to ride a bicycle. That afternoon she demonstrated the art of bicycling for one hour around her big circular driveway. Ours was too small and made of gravel. Finally it came to my turn. I held on tight and peddled while Suzanne tried to balance me by running alongside. She didn't hang on for long so I never did learn how to ride that afternoon. Suzanne told me I was too heavy for her arms to keep me balanced.

After that day she often asked, "Robin, tell me the truth. Why does your mother only put one potato on your plate? My mother gives me two". I never could answer that question. Instead, I'd put my head down as if I had done something wrong in class. Suzanne would stare at me until I said something. "I don't know," I muttered.

When I told Suzanne we were moving I was astonished by her reaction. A tear fell from her eye. We were best friends then.

Lisa Lucas  
Grade 13





# CANADA



## NOTRE PATRIE UNIE

Unity - harmony.  
The arrangement of all parts to one effect.  
People working towards a common aim;  
Peace, love and happiness.

Separatism - division.  
Disconnecting a great nation.  
Laying aside all that is good for all that is bad,  
Hatred like an ever-glowing fire.

We are a country of many countries,  
A nation of many nations.  
Within our boundaries are housed many heritages,  
But we are Canadians first.  
We are no melting pot.  
We have the power to be one of the greatest nations  
in the world.  
We are the true north, strong and free,  
But freedom lies in harmony,  
And strength in unity.

Kirsten Munro  
Grade 10

## 1977 SENIOR PRIZE ESSAY\*

Enemy of the People  
I am a person.  
I am a human being.  
My name is John Doe.

I am a perfectly ordinary man, with a pleasant suburban home, a wife, two children, a dog, two cars, and two television sets. My wife is not a radical feminist. My kids are not into drugs or alcohol or any other hanky-panky pastimes kids can get into. My dog eats Alpo Dog Food and isn't overweight. I drive the 1974 Chevelle Malibu, and my wife uses the 1973 Volkswagen Rabbit. Our family doesn't even have fights over Mary Tyler Moore vs. Starsky and Hutch because we own two TV sets. In short, when our elected representatives refer to "the average Joe", they mean us.

I have been reading articles in the TRIBUNE about the rise in crime of all sorts. Ghastly thing, crime. Young children being kidnapped on the way to school, senior citizens being mugged, hijackings — what is the world coming to? In my day . . . well, that's another story. My wife and I have admonished our children when they accepted a ride home from choir rehearsals. We've warned them not to speak to strangers. I keep a loaded Colt .45 in my dresser drawer. My wife locks her Rabbit doors when she parks in the supermarket parking lot. We don't allow our teen-aged daughter to walk alone in the streets at night.

Inconveniences, right? But what can we do?

Ghastly thing, crime. But what can I, John Doe, do?

Sorry for the interruption there. My little boy just asked me to watch "Baa Baa Black Sheep" with him. He particularly liked the part during which Robert Conrad receives a violent punch in the stomach and knocks out a few of his aggressor's teeth in return. No, I don't like this trend toward violence in the media. In my day . . . well, that's another story. All the non-comedy shows on prime time television have some degree of violence in them. My wife and I had restricted TV-viewing to an hour a day for our son, but he complained that all his friends got to watch "The Six Million Dollar Man", "Starsky and Hutch", and Hawaii Five-O" all in one sitting. We gave in, of course. We have to encourage independence in the youngsters, you know. Besides, we don't want to lose their love. Sure, he gets a little "strange" after watching some shows — he has a glazed look in his eyes and he pretends he's shooting at enemy planes — but we can put up with that. He's just a kid after all.

No, I don't like this trend toward violence on television. But what can I do?

Financially we're quite well off. The mortgage on our house will be paid off in about six more years. In January we paid the last installment on our refrigerator and range. We have some money in the bank — for going to Florida in winter time, you know; the kids feel pretty bad if their friends go and they don't — but our cars are still unpaid for; our

\*Written in two hours under examination conditions.

swimming pool is unpaid for; our washer-dryer and dishwasher are unpaid for. And now my daughter wants a car. She says her best friend has one, so why can't she? I'll be going to the bank to get another loan for her car. Can't do to alienate her, you know.

Speaking of loans, have you noticed the interest has gone up again? Why doesn't the government do something about it instead of sending millions of dollars in aid to Bangladesh? Where the hell is Bangladesh anyway? Why should we help them? What did they ever do for us? And the news these days is full of things happening in Rhodesia and Zaire. What I say is, why can't they report on things closer to home? I couldn't give a damn about what's going on in Mexico or wherever. I am a Canadian, and what's it to me if there's a coup d'etat in Timbuctoo? There are two oceans separating us from the rest of the world, you know. It seems that they forget that sometimes. Sure, it's a small world, but I'm here and they're there, and never the twain shall meet!

Usually I'm a Conservative, but last time I voted for Mallory. Great guy, eh? My wife voted for Kennedy because she thought he was good-looking. Women, you know.

Why I voted for Mallory? Well, he was going to give us tax cuts. I thought, I need all the money I can get, right? So I voted for Mallory's tax cuts. Yeah, I know he's very liberal. He wants to establish

relations with Vietnam, wherever that is. But so what? I don't care whether we have relations with Vietnam or not; I just want my tax cuts.

I agree with people who say we have to consider the candidate carefully and not base our decision on his abundance of teeth or his Ivy League education. The thing is, though, I don't have any time for evaluating a person's character thoroughly. TV documentaries and newspaper editorials are too boring. And TV documentaries always coincide with a hockey game. Beats me why some people want to watch discussions on a political fight when instead they can watch a real-live fight on ice!

Sure, you can ask me one more question.

That's a tough one. It's hard to say what or who is the people's #1 enemy. There are so many evils in our society, so many problems and no one to solve them. People today are mindless and conforming. And when they don't like something, they just sit back passively and don't do anything about it.

I don't think I can pinpoint anything or anyone as the people's #1 enemy.

Say, let me ask you that. Who do YOU think is society's #1 enemy?

Patricia Kuo  
Grade 13

## LIFE: A DINNER PARTY

A thought inside  
mama's curves,  
barely moving.  
Hors d'oeuvres.

Diapers, pins  
and terry cloth,  
drooling, squirming.  
Chicken broth.

Dirty hands, and  
voices louder,  
cabled stockings.  
Lobster chowder.

Giggles, noises,  
gossip, chatter,  
swinging, sliding,  
Roast beef platter.

Training bras,  
and blue eyeline,  
driving lessons.  
Chilled white wine.

Frantic dating,  
future dream,  
"Never a dull moment".  
Peaches 'n cream.

Love and courtship,  
selfless duty,  
new decisions.  
Tea or coffee?

Marriage, kids  
and finger prints,  
Santa Claus.  
After-dinner mints.

Teenage children,  
new career,  
working woman.  
Stiff liqueur.

Golden age and  
constipation,  
drooling, squirming.  
Conversation.

Approaching death,  
perception low,  
final good-byes.  
Time to go.

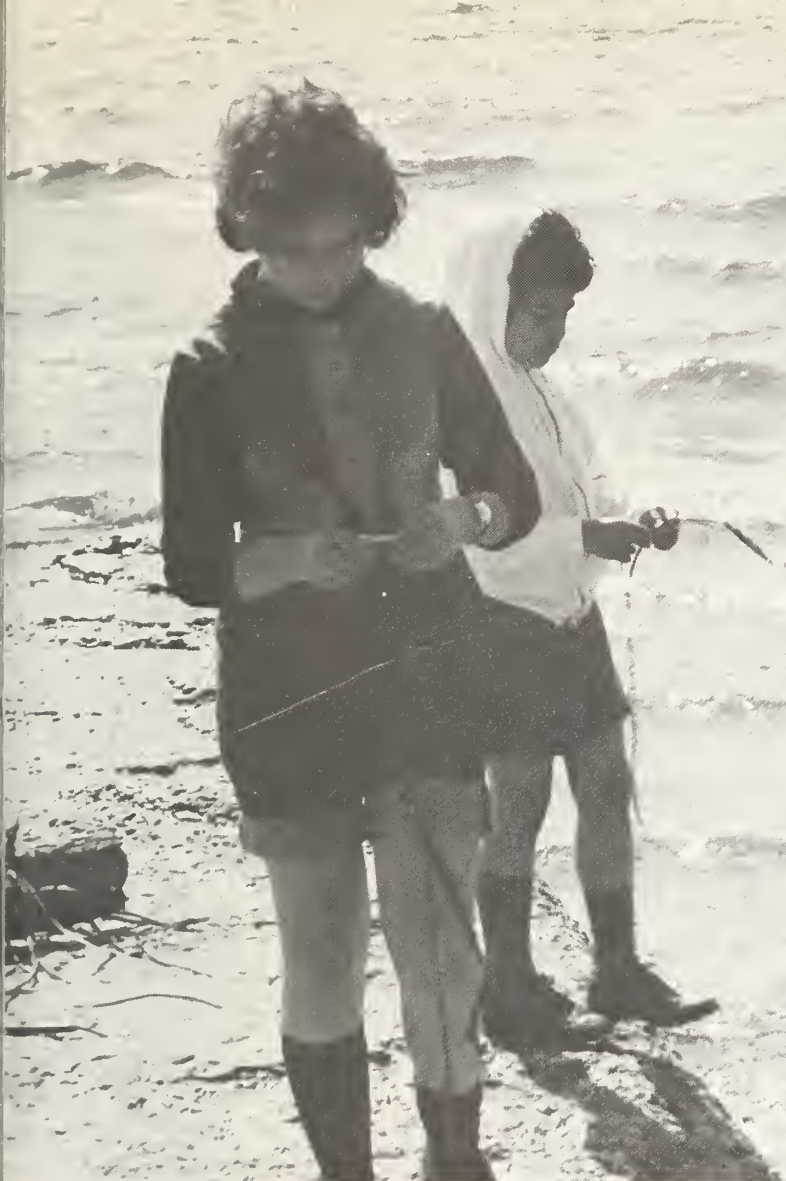
Celia Hore  
Grade 13



## Pictures

Memories stored in grey boxes  
Hold the hearts of many:  
War time, Depression time,  
A life time.  
Quickly put them back not to disturb  
the past and the tears clouding in  
my eyes.

Ann Whomsley  
Grade 10



## CHESTER

There it is.  
White as blue  
Blue as heaven,  
Gusted winds blow  
Billowed sails past your doorstep  
Pebbled beaches  
Distant islands  
Lonely rowboats drifting seaward  
Greener trees than  
Bluer seas.  
A Victorian villa set high on a hill  
Overlooking a misty harbour.  
Tanned faces  
Sparkling blue eyes  
Sun tinted hair.  
White motor boats are out for lunch,  
But back for tea  
Evening parties  
Island parties  
The night alone  
Dining, whining seagulls  
Picturesque sunsets,  
The home for an artist.  
Long months are short.  
Long days even shorter.  
A summer by the sea.

Sarah Ondaatje  
Grade 10

## MEMORIES

The peace of the sea,  
The quiet upon a shore.  
I see the frivolous waves  
Which tumble by day,  
And dance by night.  
It is our mirror,  
A reflection of all above,  
Yet it is a mystery.

Jane Moes  
Grade 10

## SUNSET

The day has ended.  
The sun is gently going to sleep,  
behind the rocky hills.  
The sunset brightens buildings and houses  
with streaks of orange, and yellow, and pink,  
until it is gone  
and the city is enveloped by a curtain of stars.

Simonetta Lanzi  
Grade 9

# albion hills

It was the week of Monday, May 9 to, would you believe it, Friday the 13! A week that will surely go down in the annals of Environment Canada. It was the beginning of a beautiful relationship between Branksome Hall and Albion Hills.

Clad in Strauss' (and I don't mean Johann's) best, forty-four Branksomites gathered outside Main House anxious to be away after surviving the Strawberry Festival and Mother's Day the previous weekend. In rolled our luxury, air conditioned, stereo-equipped mode of transportation. In other words, a Travelways school bus special. Luxury was being able to sit in your seat instead of on top of the luggage in the last three or four rows. Air conditioning was achieved by opening windows at strategic intervals while cruising at 60 mph (or 100 kph for you metric conscious people). Our stereo system consisted of listening to Janet Gilvert's tapes of Kim McDonald's recorder.

One hour and ten "settle downs" later, we were maneuvering through scenic downtown Albion Hills. "On our left we have the new Albion Hills Alpine Ski Area. Notice the reforestation. On our right we can see the parking lot and public swimming area followed closely by a picnic area. All of which is surrounded by acres of parkland." Up ahead was the field centre which was to be home sweet home for the next five days.

Grebs were left in the mud room, bags in the cloak room and it was into the lab for the traditional "Welcome to Albion Hills" speech by its director, Dr. Robert Williams. There were general introductions of the staff, an outline of our activities and a laying down of the rules. We were told specifically to "walk, not run down the ramp because if you meet me or Mr. Honsburger it won't be me that goes flying over the rail into that stone wall. What do you weigh in at, Mr. Honsburger, two, two and a quarter?"

"Wakey, wakey, eggs and bacey!" was the cry next morning at seven. Before breakfast we were right into the swing of things. Each group had its chores. Some of us went to the weather station outside the field centre which consisted of a Stevenson Screen, a temperature gage, wind direction and velocity gage and a sunlight recorder. By collecting the data these instruments offered, we were able to record the information for Environment Canada as well as to predict a forecast to deliver at the next meal.

Others went to the farm about a quarter of a mile up the hill. You mustn't be late when you're on farm duty as the pigs need their breakfast by eight! Dusting and vacuuming were the jobs of another crew, while kitchen detail was looked after by the rest.

After breakfast we began the first of our sessions.

First on the agenda was farm studies. The invitation says pig sty cleaning at ten. Dress . . . provided?!? Three of us were given green overalls, gum boots, a shovel, a broom and sent off to the pens. First we had to move the pigs out. We learned that a firm smack on the posterior is twice as effective as a feeble "Why don't you walk out that door and hang a left, piggy?"

There was an added attraction when Dr. Williams performed castrations on the young pigs. A few of us tried our semi-steady hands at it as well. If only I could get rid of this guilty feeling! Chickens and cows were tended to before we moved out to the fields. Here, we were divided into planters, hoers and compost shovellers. Guess which group had the fewest members?

Anyone who would like the worth of her woodlot estimated can call on us. Or perhaps you would like some gabion baskets or other types of erosion control installed in your stream. Maybe you would like us to test the acid content of your soil or make a profile for you. We're well trained in all of these areas. We also did studies in succession and many were the soakers trying to get a perfect plaster cast from an animal's imprint in the stream banks.

And so the week went, with Miss Kashul blazing trails with her hiking boots, inspiring us to our bird watching, and Mrs. Hulme playing head photographer to keep out of the compost heap.

The last morning was taken up by an orienteering contest and when the last lonely stragglers arrived there was an awards ceremony in the lab. Then it was first one to the camp fire gets to chop the wood and luscious foot-longs were madly consumed by all.

Unfortunately it was time to load up the old luxury liner. Parting is such sweet sorrow. Line up for one last group shot and we were on our way with a little more health, a lot more knowledge, a few private jokes and a lot of laryngitis. Thanks Albion.

Carolyn Campbell





# SPORTS

Rabbit is ripping and roaring, leaping high with enthusiasm and energy, leading the way

Invaluable support for games of any kind is accompanied by loud cheers to send the spirit high.

Balls (Basket, Volley, Base) are put into motion with the magical combination of skill and luck (mostly skill of course)

Black, Red, Green and White — our colours are always in the fight

Inspiration to play our best in class, clan and school games brings with it all the fun

Teams who play with such intensity and energy, bringing home new outstanding cross-country records, the basketball cup and Bishop Cup

Ribbit and fantastic school spirit is what it all adds up to. Thanks to Mrs. Kizoff, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Lumsdon, the chieftains and subs, participants, supporters and Ribbit. Thanks to Branksome.

Up and On,  
Sandy





## hockey

Back Row: Sandy Smythe, Sheila Coulter, Margy MacMillan, Laurie Gunton, Joanne Sisam, Karen Michie  
Front Row: Sally Rigby, Bev Hicks-Lynne, Sandy Palmer, Anne Fraser, Rosalind Adams, Lisa Botrie, Margaret Gooderham, Sue McLeod, Jane Avery.

## baseball



JUNIOR TEAM, Upper Left, Back Row: Emily Fells, Kathy Stinson, Catherine Herridge, Cassandra Roncarelli, Sarah-June Davies. Front Row: Trish Heward.

14's TEAM, Upper Right, Back Row: Kati London, Laurie Gunton, Sheila Coulter, Margy McMillan, Joanne Sisam. Front Row: Eleanora Cunietti, Paula Doyle, Dana King, Bryn McPherson. Absent: Vicky Bassett.

15's TEAM, Left, Back Row: Margaret Gooderham, Jacqui Atkin, Menta Murray. Front Row: Lavita Nadkarni, Jill Adams, Tracy McMillan. Absent: Sally Rigby, Randy Irvine.

16's TEAM, Lower Left: Janet Hall, Gill MacCulloch, Michelle Proulx, Carol Pierce, Sandy Smythe, Anne Fraser. Absent: Kathy Morrowitz, Laureen Newman, Jean Normand.

# basketball



1st BASKETBALL TEAM, Back Row: Brenda Davidson, Diane Farquhar. Front Row, Left to Right: Gill MacCulloch, Jean Normand, Michelle Proulx, Sandra Smythe, Toni Shaw, Captain; Heather Wildi, Anne Fraser.



2nd BASKETBALL TEAM, Back Row: Rebecca McCormack, Janet Gilbert, Janet Hall, Carolyn Campbell, Captain. Front Row: Andrea Hector, Sally Rigby

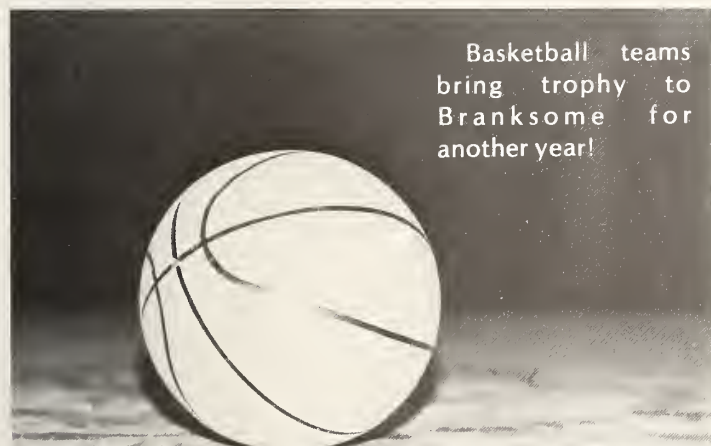


3rd BASKETBALL TEAM, Back Row: Karen Michie, Jacquie Atkin. Middle Row: Leslie Gorwell, Captain; Marilyn Wallace, Suzie Dingwall, Kathy Martin. Front Row: Kate Wiley. Absent: Margaret Kemp, Monica Dashwood, Sheila Buchanan, Bindu Dennis.





4th BASKETBALL TEAM, Back Row: Sue LeFeuvre, Sheila Coulter, Eleanora Cunietti, Sandra Palmer, Cathy LeRone. Middle Row: Kathy Buleychuk, Katie Lundon, Bryn MacPherson, Patricia Heward, Mary Kelton. Front Row: Heather Allen.



5th BASKETBALL TEAM, Back Row: Sara June Davey, Catherine Herridge, Maggie Hermant, Isobel Calvin, Wendy Buchanan, Miss Tropea. Front Row: Jenny Huycke, Martha Wilson, Alison Wiley, Captain; Sandra Roncarelli, Emily Fells. Absent: Dana Bett.



# volleyball

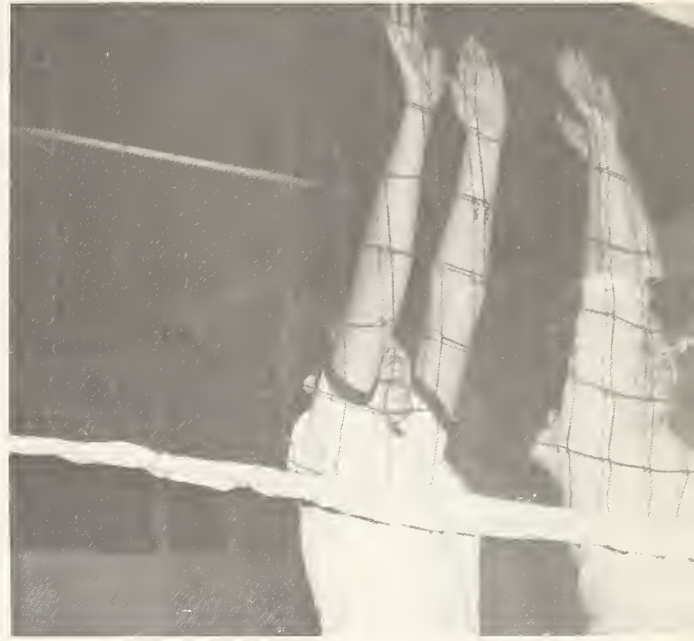


16's AND OVER, Back Row: Kathy Campbell, Ribbit, Sandy Smythe, Rebecca McCormack. 2nd Row: Martha Lynn Hardie, Michelle Proulx, Gill MacCulloch, Carolyn Campbell, Janet Hall, Mrs. Jennings. Front Row: Diane Farquhar, Captain.



15's, Back Row: Susan Le Feuvre, Kate Wiley, Margaret Kemp, Mrs. Jennings. 2nd Row: Leslie Gorwell, Jacqui Atkin, Monica Dashwood, Karen Michie, Natalie Buchanan.





13's, Back Row: Kim Thomson, Martha Wilson, Sarah Chisholm, Meredith Cartwright, Mrs. Harrison, Liz Tinker, Sara-June Davey. Front Row: Kathy Larone, Alison Wiley, Marcia Hartill, Susan McMaster, Jill Wigle.



14's, Back Row: Bryn MacPherson, Katie Lundon, Eleanora Cunietti, Sheila Coulter. Front Row: Susan Farrow, Hope Humphrey, Liz Purcifull, Captain, Paula Doyle, Heather Allen, Kathleen Slater. Absent: Clare Palmer, Trish Heward.





Back Row: Paula Doyle, Liz Purciful. 2nd Row: Mrs. Lumsdon, Maureen Stokes, Martha Allen, Cathy Stewart, Louise Reilly. Front Row: Hayley Parker, Pippa Harris, Maureen Sullivan, Judy Garay, Captain; Kati Hickl-Szabo, Ann Duncan. Absent: Susanna Escalante, Penny Woolford, Carolyn Woolford, Cathryn Saunders, Karen Cookson, Hope Humphrey, Jane Moes, Andrea Whiteacre, Rosanne Rose, Julie Allan, Menta Murray, Robin Bain, Caroline Helbronner.

We had a difficult beginning this year because we had no pool until January. I am proud to say that despite our inconvenience we were again victorious in bringing the Bishop Cup to Branksome. After several weeks of training at Castle Frank High School from 3:45 until 5:45, I believe our devoted swimteam deserved this honour. They were superb at the meet. The synchronized team have performed very well so far and I'm sure they will be a success in the synchronized cup competition. This year has been a lot of fun and I am sure the Swim Show will be excellent. Thanks for all your support and hard work. Special thanks to Mrs. Lumsdon and to Maureen for helping in the synchronized.

You have all made this a great year for me.

Thanks,  
Judy

JUNIOR SCHOOL SWIM TEAM, Back Row: Leslie Crang, Sloane Swanson, Carolyn Douglas, Jill Curtis, Michaela Mathieu, Stacy Costa. 3rd Row: Lesley Potts, Marcia Hartill, Wendy Lawes, Darcy Bett, Sally Pitfield. 2nd Row: Sue Sheridan, Sara Wiley, Gayle Matthews, Pam Smith. Front Row: Cynthia Mitchell, Tania Costa, Lisa Halyk, Heather Montgomery, Suzie Garay, Captain.





## synchronized swimming



Back Row: Andrea Whiteacre, Maureen Sullivan, Marg Moffat. 2nd Row: Laurie Hrushowy, Susan Shaw, Karen Hurrell, Ann Duncan, Kelly Hawke, Sue Martin, Julie Allan. Front Row: Susan Quaggin, Mary Morden, Sheryl Paton, Alison Wiley.



# CROSS COUNTRY TEAMS

over hill, over dale,  
Branksome spirit never fails...



**SENIOR SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM** Back Row: Tracy McMillan, Kim Garside, Jane Moes, Wendy Aird, Kim Thomson, Susan Farrow. 2nd Row: Carolyn Helbronner, Jill Adams, Janet Hahn, Joanne Sisam, Chris Grant, Jill Palmer, Sarah Ondaatje, Natalie Buchanan, Tracy Dalglish. Front Row: Denbigh Attack, Mirabel Palmer, Alison Wiley, Judy McClure, Kate Wiley, Jane Horner Absent: Muffy McLeod



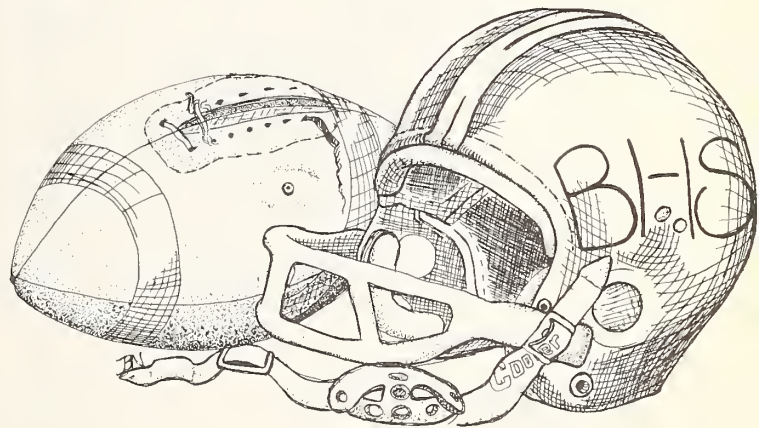
**JUNIOR SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM** Liz Tinker, Martha Wilson, Catherine Herridge



## THE FOOTBALL TEAM . . .



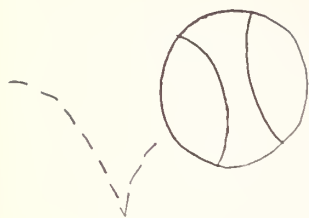
Back Row, Left to Right: Jacqui Atkin, Janet Hall, Pippa Harris, Heather Wildi, Molly Falconer, Barb Morris, Mrs. Leman. 3rd Row: Sarah MacCulloch, Dana King, Margy MacMillan, Sheila Coulter, Jill MacCulloch, Brenda Davidson. 2nd Row: Judith McClure, Carol Pierce, Judy Garay, Janet Gilbert, Missy Gracey. Front Row: Sandra Smythe, Jean Normand, Anne Fraser, Sandy Simpson. Absent: Sandy Nero



... AND CHEERING THEM ON:



# tennis



16 AND UNDER, Back Row: Rebecca McCormack, Molly Falconer. Front Row: Caroline Helbronner, Ann Duncan, Suzanne Shamie, Joy Waldie.



JUNIOR SCHOOL, Back Row: Meredith Cartwright, Judy McClure, Janet Ondaatje. Front Row: Martha Younger, Margot-Anne Barefoot.



Unfortunately the under 15 and the 16 and over teams were moving too quickly to have their pictures taken. Members of the under 15 team: Monica Dashwood, Sarah Ondaatje, Catherine Saunders. Members of the 16 and over team: Gill Osler, Carol Stinson, Robin Heintzman, Heather Wildi, Bridget Wiley, Jackie McClure.

# badminton

JUNIOR TEAM, Back: Emily Fells, Isobel Calvin, Alison Helbronner, Cathy Herridge, Pam Smith. Front Row: Sue Morris, Cassandra Roncarelli, Suzie Garay, Wendy Buchanan.



14's TEAM, Back Row: Chris Grant, Tracy Dalglish, Judy McClure, Kelly Hawke, Mary Morden. Front Row: Jane Moes, Rosalind Adams.





15's TEAM, Back Row: Judy MacGowan, Laurie Gunton, Joanne Sisam, Sarah Ondaatje, Janet Hahn. Front Row: Brigitte Duchesne, Beverly Hicks-Lyne, Ribbit. Absent: Karen Chisholm, Jill Adams, Kathy Stewart.



16's TEAM  
Jean Normand  
Heather Wildi  
Brenda Davidson  
Pippa Harris  
Toni Shaw  
Celia Hore  
Denbigh Attack  
Arden Patterson  
Lavita Nadkarni  
Missy Grace





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*[Faint, illegible handwritten or stamped text]*

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*Archimedes*

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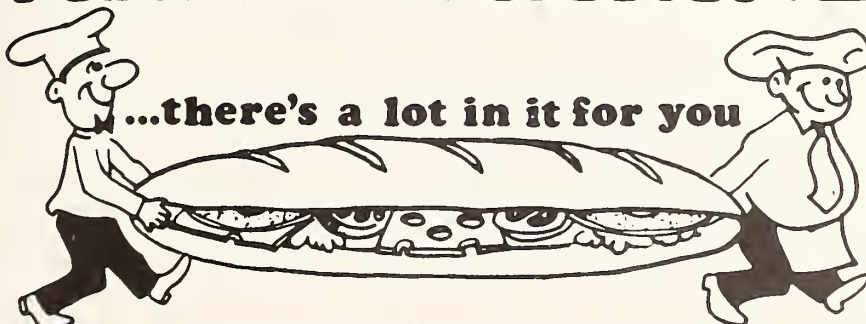
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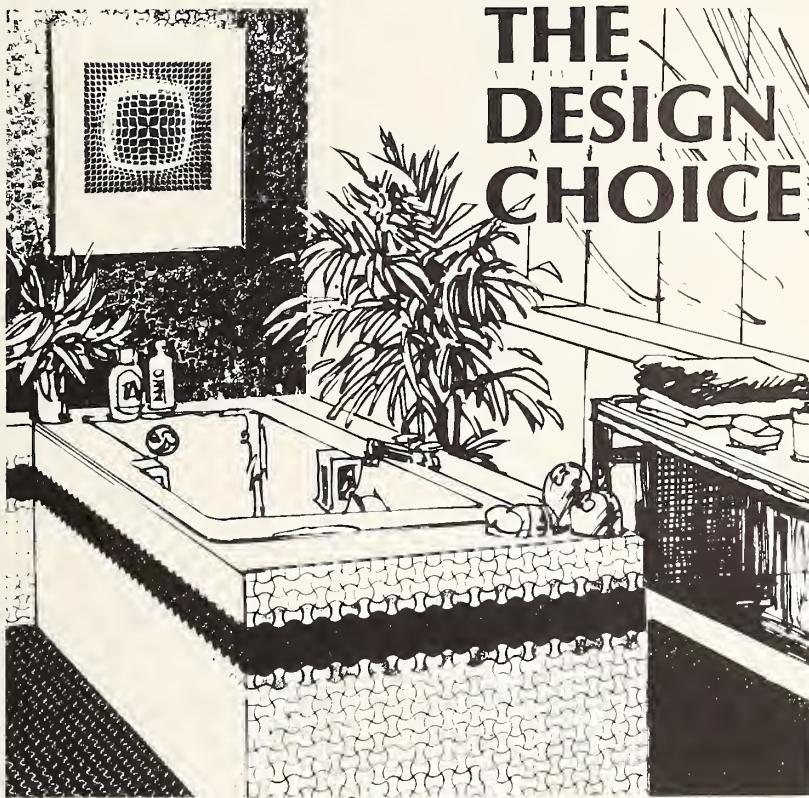
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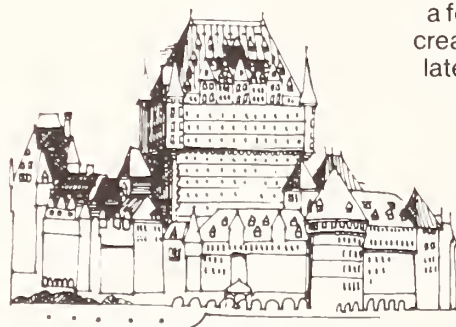
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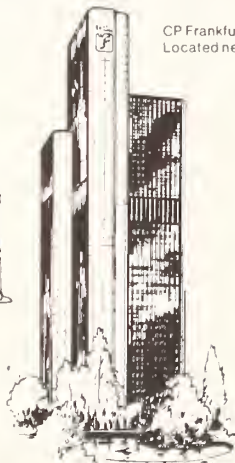


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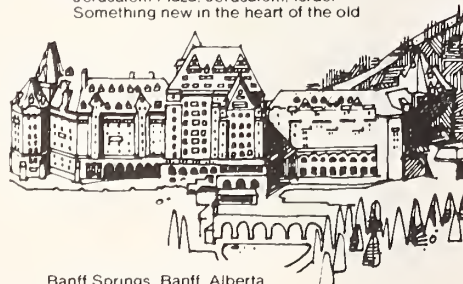
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